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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AT PT. ALLEGANY

Herbert Williams, While Demented, Tries to Kill Himself With Pen Knife.

INFLICTS 21 WOUNDS IN BREAST.

Also Nearly Severed His Windpipe—Temporary Insanity is Due to Overwork and Close Confinement—He is One of Port Allegany's Most Highly Respected Citizens.

The community was greatly shocked last Saturday morning when it became known that Herbert Williams, one of Port Allegany's most highly respected business men and citizens had attempted to commit suicide at his home while in a fit of temporary insanity, due to over work and close confinement to his business.

While in conversation with his wife at his home he pulled out a small pen-knife and commenced striking himself in the breast with the open blade. Before neighbors could reach and overpower him he had inflicted 21 wounds and nearly severed his windpipe with the small knife. Had the knife been larger he would have killed himself instantly, but as it is his chances for recovery are very good unless blood poisoning sets in.

Mr. Williams owns a large drug store in Port Allegany and for a long time past has been working extremely hard. The result was that he became badly run down and his nervous system has been in a terrible condition for some time. Becoming alarmed over his condition he consulted a specialist who prescribed complete rest for several weeks. Mr. Williams went home and kept away from his business about a week, staying around the home practically all the time. This sudden inaction threw him into a fit of melancholy and he seemed to feel that all his friends had turned against him and that life was not worth the living. While laboring under this delusion he attempted to take his own life.

Reports from his bedside last evening were to the effect he was recovering from his bodily injuries quite rapidly and that unless blood poisoning gets a hold of his wounds, they will be entirely healed in a short time. However, his mental condition is more alarming. His nervous system is terribly run down and only the best of care and treatment will restore his nerves and mind to its former healthy condition.

Mr. Williams is well-known throughout the eastern end of the county and he and his estimable family have many friends who earnestly hope for his rapid and complete recovery. For many years he has been at the front in Port Allegany's business and church work and all who know him hope that he may recover to continue the good work of the past.

Hose Company Visits St. Marys.

Last Monday morning the Smethport Hose Company, together with about 80 others, journeyed to St. Marys on a special train on the Shawmut to participate in the Fourth of July celebration being held in that place.

St. Marys has long been noted for its hospitality and this was no exception. One of the largest crowds ever seen in that town was there. The big parade started at 10 o'clock and consisted of bands, hose companies, floats, etc., and lasted about two hours. There were hose companies in the parade from all the surrounding towns, but according to remarks made by people who witnessed the parade the Smethport Hose Co. was the best appearing company in line. This speaks well for our boys considering the number of companies present from the larger towns.

In the afternoon the hose races and ball game were held at the ball grounds, and the evening was spent witnessing the fine display of fireworks and dancing. The Hose Co. arrived home at 3 o'clock and all report a fine time.

Burns Were Fatal.

Mrs. Mildred Irons, wife of Edward Irons of Rixford, died at the Bradford hospital at 2:20 o'clock Sunday morning, from burns which she sustained recently while engaged in lighting a gas torch at home. She was brought to the Bradford hospital on June 6 for treatment, two weeks after the accident. Human ministrations could not save her life.

The remains were taken in charge by an undertaker from Eldred, who removed the body to the late home.

Deceased is survived by her husband and two small children. Her age was 19 years.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Stopping Pollution.

In regard to the work being done by the State Fisheries Department, William E. Meehan, state fish commissioner, has succeeded in stopping stream pollution in a half dozen counties and has made a big advance in the movement to keep the running water pure.

Extensive powers are placed in the hands of the Department of Fisheries by the new state fish law with regard to the practice of dumping harmful substances into the streams. It prohibits "any deleterious or poisonous substances of any kind or character to be turned into or allowed to run, flow or wash or to be emptied into any of the waters" within the boundaries of the state. The penalties is $100 fine for each offense, with a prison alternative.

By the end of the year, it is expected the pollution will be almost wholly cleared up in Warren, Chester, Montgomery, McKean and Clarion counties.

Many of the tannery men are now working on filteration schemes, Mr. Meehan explained, by which they can purify the drainage from their plants before allowing it to flow into the streams. Perhaps a fourth of all the tanneries in Pennsylvania will have installed such plants before fall.

A meeting has been arranged for the 2nd of July between the commissioner and the tannery owners of Warren and adjacent counties, for the purpose of conferring as to the most satisfactory methods of disposing of the sewage. This session will be held either in Ridgway or St. Marys.

Counties suffering most from pollution now are Westmoreland, Potter, Clinton and Tioga and others in the coal region. Some of the creeks and rivers that have been cleaned out through the persistence of the department are the Broken Straw creek, Tionesta creek, Brandywine creek and the Upper Allegany river.—Potter Journal.

Touring The World.

Our Turtle Point Correspondent sends in the following very interesting account of William Layton who is touring the world on a bicycle.

William Layton passed through Turtle Point Sunday enroute for New York City where he was due on the Fourth of July at 12 a. m. He has been making a tour around the world on a bicycle. He left Madison Square Garden at 12 a. m. on the Fourth of July 1906 and has visited all the principle cities in Europe, Asia and Africa, and those in North and South America. If he succeeds in making the trip in time he will receive $5000 in money and twenty acres of land anywhere he chooses, only it must not cost over $100 per acre. He did not have a cent when he started and he must not receive a gift from anyone, had to earn the money to pay his way. He has done this by lecturing in the places he passed through. He had 300 more miles to make and had just one week to make it when passing through here. As a result of the trip he is very much reduced in flesh. When he commenced his journey he weighed 168, now he weighs 119. He seemed very much fatigued dropping to sleep as soon as he stopped. We are greatly interested in him and hope he will succeed in finishing his journey on time.—Port Allegany Argus.

We understand that Mr. Layton reached New York in time to win his wager.

Man Was Found Dead.

Saturday evening Coroner E. R. Sherman received a telephone message from an undertaker at Portville, N. Y., stating that a man was dead in a railroad camp in Eldred township, just over the line and asked for permission to take the body to Portville, N. Y. The undertaker was unable to give any of the details as to cause of death, etc.

Sunday morning Coroner Sherman drove to Eldred and learned that Bozo Suzic, aged 19 years had appeared at the camp which is located on the extension of the P., S. & N. railroad. He was looking for work, but was too ill to labor. He remained in the camp awhile and expired suddenly, at 6:30 Saturday evening.

The young man was unknown to the workmen, but those in the camp volunteered to take up a collection to raise funds to give the stranger a respectable burial. The coroner gave the undertaker at Portville, N. Y., permission to prepare the body for interment.—Era.

Automobile for Sale.

Engine and Change Speed Gear guaranteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers, fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This is a "snap" for some one and should be taken quick. Price complete $275.00.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.
tf Smethport, Pa.

Get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Store Room for Rent.

A store room in the Odd Fellows' building for rent. Inquire of trustees of building.

$100,000 FIRE AT KANE.

Standard Window Glass Factory Destroyed Thursday Night.

Friday's Kane Republican says: Last evening about 6 o'clock the fire alarm rang and the department was called to the Standard Window Glass plant. While the firemen were prompt in their response, when they arrived on the scene they were confronted with a roaring, seething mass of flames and despite their hard work, the entire plant, with the exception of the ware house, was a mass of ruins.

The fire started in the box shop, and was discovered by the watchman about six o'clock. He immediately turned in the alarm, but as the wind was blowing from the west it was but a few moments until the cutting room was ablaze, the runway acting as a flue which drew the flames into the tank house with remarkable rapidity. Owing to the fact that the pumps of the company were located in the engine room and that the gate which allowed the water to enter the company's mains was also located there, it was sometime before there was sufficient pressure, but as soon as the water from the city mains was turned in there was no further trouble, but the plant would have went had there been ever so good a pressure.

Just how the fire originated is hard to tell, some think it was caused from a spark of a switch engine that had been there about 5 o'clock. The men in the box shop quit work about 5:30 and everything was apparently all right then. The loss is estimated at $100,000.00 which is partially covered by insurance.

Manager Walters had notified the men in the morning that the fires would go out at 8 o'clock Friday morning. A great many of the men lost their pipes and other tools.

Though reluctant in conversation over what might be plans for the future Mr. Franklin E. Uhl, president of the company, and H. J. Walters, secretary and manager, both expressed the opinion that the plant would be rebuilt. Notwithstanding the fact the glass business has been in an unsettled condition of late, this last year, from point of production and quality of product manufactured, has been one of the most successful in the history of the company.

Coal Corporation Organized.

During his visit home from the West Samuel E. Bell has interested a number of his friends in a coal mining company and yesterday the Carbon County Coal Co., with a capital stock of $100,000 was formed. Samuel E. Bell was elected president and F. M. Brooder of Fromburg, Mont., was elected secretary and treasurer.

This company has valuable coal lands in Montana as well as mines in operation. The mines and lands are situated on the line of the Burlington Railroad and are said to possess rich veins of coal. With the good shipping facilities and the rich quality of coal this should be an excellent proposition. Buffalo, Port Allegany, and Smethport men comprise the new company.

Britain's Greatest Precipice.

Writing to the Newcastle Journal in regard to the drowning of three bird catchers at St. Kilda, a correspondent says the wild fowls of St. Kilda find nesting places that enable them to bid defiance to the sportsman and to the most daring of bird catchers. There is, for example, the precipice called Conagher, the same being far and away the greatest precipice in the British isles, the deepest perpendicular precipice. It rises from the sea level to a clear height of 1,220 feet. Consider that a man might jump from the top of Conagher into the sea without getting a scratch by the way.

Breaking the News.

Marion, who had been taught to report her misdeeds promptly, came to her mother one day, sobbing penitently.

"Mother, I—I—broke a brick in the fireplace."

"Well, that is not very hard to remedy. But how on earth did you do it, child?"

"I pounded it with father's watch."—Success Magazine.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 8, 1909:

Daniel, William.
Sanders, Mrs. Hattie.
Wood, Earl.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Campbell's Varnish Stains are the original and only real Varnish Stains ever offered to housekeepers. They work like colored varnish, producing beautiful effects without obscuring the grain of natural woods. J. C. Hamlin sells this line.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Wage War Against Flies.

House flies have not become, up to this time, as numerous as they usually are at the outset of July. The cause of this may be ascribed to the cool, wet weather of this very backward season. But they will show up plenty enough, and it behooves everybody to wage an incessant warfare against them. They are the filthiest of all insect pests, and are carriers of disease germs. They pollute the food man eats, and may infect him with the germs of tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever and other communicable diseases.

This is the information sent out from the Division of Zoology of the Penna. Department of Agriculture, which brands the house fly as about the worst enemy of mankind, and recommends that timely notice be taken to keep the evil due to its invasion at a minimum. Prof. H. A. Surface, the Zoologist of the Division, recommends the immediate screening of windows and doors; the keeping of food screened, especially milk; the keeping of flies away from sick persons, especially those suffering with contagious diseases; and catching and destroying the flies as they appear.

Sticky fly paper, tapes and liquid poisons are among the things to use in killing the flies, but the latest, cheapest and best is a solution of formalin or formaldehyde in water. A spoonful of this liquid put into a quarter of a pint of water and set where they can find it and drink it will be enough to kill all the flies in the room. A cheap and perfectly reliable fly poison, one which is not dangerous to human life, is bichromate of potash in solution. Dissolve one dram of the drug, which can be obtained at any pharmacy, in two ounces of water, and add a little sugar sweetening. Put some of this solution in shallow dishes, and distribute them throughout the house.

To quickly clear apartments where there are many flies, burn pyrethrum in the room. Keep the fly nuisance at a minimum by the use of disinfectants in garbage boxes and cans, on manure piles and among all refuse. This can be done by freely sprinkling with chloride of lime or with kerosene. Keep house sewers and drains in good order, and covered, and repair all leaks at once. It is of the utmost importance to clean all stables, pig pens and other breeding places of "The Filthy Fly" at least once a week.

Pour kerosene into drains. Cuspidors should be cleaned frequently; certainly once a day. Keep a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid in them constantly. Do not allow decaying organic material of any kind on or near your premises, nor allow any dirt to accumulate in corners, or behind doors. If extra care in observing cleanliness is used, and the directions above given are faithfully carried out, the fly nuisance can be greatly mitigated.

Worse Than His Own.

A gentleman who owns one of the finest estates in the north of England while in his gardens one morning noticed one of the laborers very badly clad and asked him:

"Have you no better clothes than those, Mat?"

"No, in troth, yer honor, worse luck," replied Mat.

"Well, call at the house this evening in your way home," said the gentleman. "I'll leave an old suit of mine with the butler for you."

A few days later when showing a party of visitors through the gardens he was much annoyed to see Mat looking if possible more a scarecrow than ever.

"Why are you still wearing those old clothes, Mat?" he asked.

"Sure, yer honor, they're the best I have," replied Mat.

"But did you not get the suit I left for you the other day?" asked the gentleman.

"Indeed, an' I did, thank yer honor kindly," replied Mat; "but, sure, I had to lave them at home to be mended."—London Tatler.

When Baseball Was an Infant Industry.

It was a crude game, but merry. In theory the pitcher was there only to give the boys a chance to "soak the ball." "First bound" was still out. The unfortunate catcher, handling a heavy, lively ball without mask, glove or protector, stood up near the bat when men were on bases if he had the skill and courage. The early guides recommended him to do so when he could. Had not the pitcher been restricted to an artificial throw scarce a catcher would have lived to tell the tale. Many catchers took everything "on first bounce" and managed at that to prevent much base stealing. Base running also was in its infancy. "Smith," says the Spirit of the Times, "caught a remarkable game, having but five passed balls scored against him." Here and there we get a glimpse which shows how crude it all was, what a matter of hit and miss natural force. In the fifties Dicky Pearce shone without a peer as an infielder. He used to stop grounders with his hand and foot! —Will Irwin in Collier's.

The best pills made are DeWitt's Little Earley Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, gentle, pleasant, easy to take and act promptly. They are sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

A TRAIN TO JOY,

After the Crash There Came a Shock and a Surprise.

BY ANITA WENTWORTH.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Yes, she wore the blue and white dress which had been her wedding gown, much against Aunt Nykirk's will, and the latter had said disagreeable things in consequence, even going so far as to prophesy that something would happen.

But what could "happen?" Simply nothing. Was not this the old reliable evening train, forever on time and without a hint of hoodoo or any other bloodcurdling thing in its record?

Of course! Rose Engle settled the question satisfactorily in her own mind and from a multitude of feminine trinkets in her wrist bag fished out her ticket and waited complacently for the conductor. By and by, as the "old reliable" rolled along, the moon came up, revealing the landscape in picturesque panorama, and the owner of the blue and white gown laughed at the prophecy, flattened her pretty nose against the dusty pane and fell to enjoying the scenery.

Suddenly above the peaceful hum of the train rose demoniac shrieks from two locomotives. The next moment a terrific shock sent the passengers in all directions.

Out from beneath the wreckage of the shattered northbound crawled a half dozen men and women, one with a cruel slash across the left cheek and another with a broken arm, while the remaining four were only "shaken up."

Among the latter Rose Engle struggled to her feet and stood, white and trembling, endeavoring to grasp the possibility of the "old reliable" making such a departure.

While the others began the search for their belongings or for friends less lucky than themselves she stood still, wondering whether it was the blue and white gown or the wickedness of her intention which fulfilled Aunt Nykirk's prophesy.

Not since the "word from up north" that Jack had gone back to his old habits and was actually "sowing his earnings broadcast" had she taken time for sober second thought. A year ago, when she kissed him goodby in the low doorway before he went to the Klondike, he had pledged himself to continue in well doing, and she had rested in his promise.

Often she entertained herself picturing the home they planned to have on his return, one with a large, airy kitchen, plenty of sunshine and lots of happiness.

But when the "word" came she decided that Jack Engle's wife was a shamefully neglected woman, especially as he had not written for months. Then a wild determination to be free from the man who had gone back to his old habits and didn't care seized her, and—well, here she was on her way to begin legal proceedings for a separation and stranded and alone!

Aunt Nykirk's parting shot rang in her ears as she clung to a twisted section of the vestibule.

"I'd expect something to happen if I should start on such an errand; banking only on hoarsay and wearing my wedding dress. Bless me! When folks take the bit in their teeth and rush headlong I always think of Jonah."

Shaky little Mrs. Engle cast a horrified glance down over the blue and white gown, now stroked with dust and grime and torn in several places.

Some one beckoned to her from the farther end of the wreck. Why did she stand there like a dummy when people needed help?

Away she went over broken ties and around an overturned boiler from which the steam hissed vindictively, the blue and white gown fluttering in the moonlight like a flag of truce.

Ah, there they were—a man prone on the ground, and kneeling by his side was a physician with his open medicine case.

"Stay by this poor fellow," said the doctor as she came up, "while I go for water," and he was gone.

In a few moments he returned and, pouring something from a vial into a basin of water, gave it to her to hold while he bathed the unconscious man's face.

She turned her head away. She could not bear to look upon another victim of the headlong—

"Too bad!" broke in the physician on the self condemnation. "It is really too bad! He was going home with a year's hard earnings with which to surprise his wife."

The slender hands trembled, and the basin came near falling to the ground. Jack could have saved, too, if he had loved his wife, but he hadn't.

The doctor was so interested in his patient that he did not notice her agitation; so he followed his thoughts audibly and continued: "Engle is a fine fellow. I'll warrant his wife is proud of him."

A low, smothered cry startled the man of medicine, and the basin fell to the cinder parched sward, spilling the contents over the blue and white gown.

"You must be braver than that," said he sternly. "It may be that my friend's life depends on your quiet courage."

With a desperate effort she rallied the basin and resumed her position, but now her gaze was fixed on the upturned face so familiar in every outline.

It depended on her, did it? Surely this was the atoning hour! Heaven heard Jonah in his extremity. Would her petition of agonized silence prevail?

As if in answer the man to be proud of slowly opened his eyes and made an attempt to rise.

"Ah, Jack, old boy, you're coming around all right!" cried the doctor, supporting him and giving him a reviving draft.

After a few minutes, when the other grew stronger, the physician continued in tender, kindly tone: "I am glad I was with you, seeing we were booked for casualties. Some one might have taken your money and left you to die. As it is, everything is all right."

"Oh, Horton, I am so glad, too, for my wife's sake!" And Jack's hand sought that of the doctor.

The blue and white gown drew back into the shadows.

"Here we are!" exclaimed the doctor as the rumbling of the relief train came to their ears. "Now let us see how well you can walk."

The blue and white gown, torn and bedraggled, followed closely in the wake of these devoted friends, and little Mrs. Engle climbed up the steps of the homeward bound coach behind them.

After Jack was comfortably settled his friend said, "Now I must look after the lady who so bravely helped bring you back from the borderland."

The gown with the medicine splashes on it slipped into the seat just behind them, and Rose looked up as Dr. Horton rose to go.

"Ah!" he said. "Pardon me, madam, for my seeming neglect. I was so taken up with Jack that I nearly forgot you."

She smiled faintly in answer, and he resumed his seat. Presently a hand was laid timidly on his shoulder, and he looked around.

"Would a surprise—a glad one—hurt him?" she asked tremulously.

The wondering doctor shook his head in the negative and waited for her to go on. Leaning forward a trifle, she whispered something in his ear.

With a misty gladness shining in his eyes Dr. Horton grasped the situation as best he could and asked, "You don't expect to meet your wife on this train, do you, Jack?"

"I—she is safe at home!" was the quick reply.

"But suppose now," continued the doctor, "that she is there somewhere. Would you know her, old fellow, if you saw her in this car?"

"Horton, what makes you talk that way?" queried the other, sitting erect and growing curious.

A movement behind them drew Jack's attention, and his question was answered, so Dr. Horton simply changed places with the owner of the blue and white gown, leaving his friend to solve the problem of Mrs. Engle's presence at his own sweet will.

When Aunt Nykirk opened the door at midnight for her niece she grumbled in sleepy disgust. But little Mrs. Engle threw her arms around her neck.

"Hush!" she whispered imperatively. "Here comes Jack!"

This Small World.

"About ten years ago, when I was living in a village in Illinois," said the red headed man, "I had business to call me to London. My getting ready for the trip was the talk of the place, and a day or two before I started I was visited by a farmer who was an Englishman and who said:

"'If you are going to London would you mind seeing my brother Jim and telling him his brother Tom over here is well and doing well and wants him to write oftener?'

"'What is your brother's other name?' I asked.

"'Smith, sir—Jim Smith.'

"I told him I would keep an eye out for the Smith family, and he thanked me and withdrew. In due time I arrived in London from Liverpool, and as I took a cab at the depot I queried of the driver:

"'Do you happen to know any one in London named Smith?'

"'I'm a Smith myself, sir,' he replied.

"'But a Jim Smith.'

"'I'm a Jim Smith.'

"'But a Jim Smith who has got a brother Tom in America.'

"'I've got one, sir.'

"'But a Jim Smith whose brother Tom in America is a farmer in Illinois and wants to be written to oftener.'

"'That's me again, sir, and there's the proof of it. I'm just going to mail him this 'ere letter.'

"And hang me if he didn't show me a letter ready for mailing and prove his case on the spot. He was the first man I had spoken to in London, and he was the Jim Smith I had been told to look out for."—Chattanooga Times.

Boring the Bores.

"What do you do to get rid of bores?"

"Just as soon as they come into my office I start in telling them of the latest cute thing my baby said."—Detroit Free Press.

But He Did.

Her Mother—I saw him kiss you! I am terribly shocked. I did not for a moment imagine he would dare take such a liberty. Her—If—Not did I, ma. In fact I—he—I—he—I—he—

THE VENDUE AT MRS. PICKETT'S.

Secret of the Old Oak Chest Turned Misfortune Into Luck.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association.)

"I never reckoned I'd live to see the day when my things would be sold at a vandoo!" sobbed poor old Mrs. Pickett as she sat in her big, green rocking chair, holding a corner of her checked gingham apron to her streaming eyes. "I reckon the very cheer I'm sittin' in'll have to go, and I'll be turned out with nothin' but the clothes on my back."

A tall, slender girl about sixteen years old who had been kneeling by her grandmother's chair, vainly trying to comfort the old lady rose and said: "Oh, no, grandmother; I don't think it will be as bad as that. I will see to it that your old chair and grandpa's are not sold. You can save up such things as you care for most, but you know that we shall not need half of the things in the two little rooms that we're going to live in at the village."

"Two little rooms in the village!" cried out the old lady, throwing up both hands with a fresh burst of tears. "And I've got to come down to two little rooms when I've been used all my life to plenty of room, with my big closets and buttry and good dry cellar and nice garden, and all that! Oh, Dotty, what could your Grandpa Pickett have been thinkin' of to be so reckless? Dear me, dear me!"

"He didn't know, grandmother. None of us could know that he'd be taken away as he was," replied the girl, her own eyes filling with tears.

Grandfather Pickett had been killed instantly by a fall from his haymow two months before. He had been a kind and good man, but unwisely eccentric in some respects, since he had always made it a rule to tell no one, not even his wife, of his business affairs.

"Women hain't no head for business. Their capacity lays in other spheres," had been one of Grandfather Pickett's sayings. So his wife had never been taken into his confidence, and at the time of his death she knew almost nothing about his private affairs.

Some trifling [illegible] discovered, to her sorrow, [illegible] came home to her with the [illegible] and cruel force, five days after the funeral, when Mr. Hiram Parks, a [illegible] dealer, living in the village, came to tell her, in his cold, [illegible] way, [illegible] mortgage he had held for [illegible] on the Pickett farm had never been paid and that a [illegible] had now to be made. He had, besides, a note for $200 given him by Grandfather Pickett at the time the latter had had his new barn and added the last twenty acres to his farm. On this note nothing but the interest had been paid.

"NO, MA'AM, NOTHING BUT THE INTEREST."

Poor, dumfounded Mrs. Pickett had not even known of the existence of the notes.

"And my husband never paid you anything on the note nor the mortgage?" she asked Parks.

"No, ma'am; nothing but the interest. That was paid up regular enough. He often said he could pay some on them both if he'd a mind to, but he'd rather wait and pay it all off in a lump. I supposed from that that he'd money in the bank or loaned out so it was bringing in more interest than he was paying me."

But a careful search among Mr. Pickett's papers did not give evidence that any one owed him a dollar, and a visit to the bank at the village proved that he had no money there.

"He never would put money in the bank," said Mrs. Pickett. "That was one of his odd ideas, and he'd never pay for anything in payments. He always [illegible] to pay it all in a lump. I [illegible] thought that mortgage and the [illegible] all paid off, and it can't be that we've lived up all we've got out of the farm in all these years, with me sellin' three and four hundred dollars' worth of stock at a time. If Ira had only told me more 'bout his affairs now I've got to meddle with business, whether I've any head for it or not. Dear me, dear me!"

All her lamentations ended with that pathetic "Dear me!" and a sorrowful shake of her gray head.

Mrs. Pickett and her granddaughter Dorothy, were left alone. Dorothy was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pickett's only child, who, with his wife, had died when Dorothy was but five years old, and since that time she had been the light and joy of the fine old farm house.

"And I've taken such comfort in thinkin' that your gran'pa an' me would leave you so nicely provided for and in a home of your own when we were gone. Dear me, dear me!"

"It doesn't matter about me, grandma," Dorothy said. "I am sorry only on your account. I can teach or sew or work in a store or do something else, and we can be very cozy and comfortable in our two snug little rooms. There will be some money left for you after the note and the mortgage are paid."

It was decided that there should be a public sale or vendue of the effects not needed for the new home to which they were to go. A "vandoo" was usually attended by everybody in the neighborhood, and the occasion was a semi-holiday. So there was general interest when the posters appeared announcing that Mahala J. Pickett, executrix of the estate of Ira W. Pickett, would on Oct. 10 offer for sale such and such carefully described articles.

Mrs. Pickett had a sorrowful duty in indicating the things she consented to sell.

"They shan't have my mahog'ny chist of drawers, nor my hatrcloth sofy, nor my flowered carpet, nor my two big rockin' cheers that my father and mother begun housekeepin' with. And they shan't have—oh, dear, dear! There's nothin' I do want 'em to have!"

Poor old lady! She found that even the simplest and most ordinary of her belongings were dear to her.

"There's that green cupboard with the glass door, Dotty," she said. "I s'pose it'll have to go. We've got the red one, and I s'pose we shan't want two. And there's that old oak chist up in the attic—it might as well go, and I reckon Rachel Day'll bid it in. She wanted to buy it of me once, thirty years ago. I can't bear to think of her havin' any of my things, and I'll warrant she'll come and bid in the very ones I hate to part with most."

"Perhaps she won't come to the sale at all, grandma," said Dorothy.

"Yes, she will!" replied Mrs. Pickett positively. "I know Rachel Day. She'll be here to glory over my trouble. It'll be twenty years this fall since she and I spoke, and she never come to your grandpa's funeral, and I know from that that we shall never speak ag'in. I'd an idee she'd come then. Such good friends as we used to be—girls together and so intimate that we had our dresses and bonnets just alike! And for twenty years we ain't spoke, though we've met hundreds of times. Dear me, dear me!"

Sweet of face and gentle of manner as Mrs. Pickett was, she was a woman of strong prejudices and great firmness. She never sought a quarrel and never continued one long if forced into it. She simply and for all the time dismissed her enemies from her friendship and affection.

"When I'm done with anybody," she said, "I'm done with 'em!"

Acting on this unkindly and unChristlike principle, she had "dropped" a friend of her girlhood and early womanhood twenty years before the death of her husband.

Her son had quarreled with the only son of her dearest friend, Mrs. Rachel Day. The mothers had unwisely taken up the matter, and not even the common sorrow that came upon them in the deaths of the sons in after years had served to bring them together. Each had waited for the other to speak, and both had kept silence.

Mrs. Day came to the vendue, as Mrs. Pickett had predicted.

Mrs. Pickett sat in the big rocking chair on the little porch and watched the progress of the sale, through a mist of tears.

Other friends came and spoke words of cheer and sympathy, but Rachel Day, prosperous and happy, kept aloof. Occasionally she glanced toward her old friend as she sat on the porch, a pathetic figure in her widow's weeds, her gray head bowed and her handkerchief often at her eyes, but if Mrs. Day felt sorry for Mrs. Pickett she did not say so.

"Going, going, going, gentlemen and ladies! Four and a half has been offered for this solid oak chest, as good as it was the day it was made. Four and a half I'm offered. Who'll make it five? Five, five, five—who says it? Are you all done, ladies and gentlemen? Third and last call and—sold for four and a half to the lady with the brown silk dress and black lace shawl!"

The lady with the brown silk dress and black lace shawl was Rachel Day. Mrs. Pickett fancied she saw a gleam of triumph in the eyes of the new owner of the chest.

Mrs. Day bought several of the things offered, and Mrs. Pickett added to her sorrow a sting of resentment and injured pride with each purchase Rachel made.

"She does it only to aggravate me," Mrs. Pickett thought. But let her go on if it does her any good. I kin hold spite long as anybody, but I wouldn't show it in such a way as this, if I was Rachel Day."

The vendue came to a close early in the afternoon, and the people departed, taking their new possessions with them. Mrs. Day was the last to go, and when she drove out of the farmyard her wagon was well laden with the things she had purchased.

Mrs. Pickett broke down entirely when she and Dorothy were left alone in the almost empty house. Mr. Parks had given them until next week to complete their arrangements for leaving. Then he proposed to take possession of the house and farm.

Dorothy found much to do during the rest of the day. The one cow her grandmother had kept had strayed away, and when milking time came Dorothy went in search of her.

It was nearly dark when she returned, driving the cow through the grass of the meadow lot. She had left her grandmother alone and was surprised to hear voices in the kitchen when she returned to the house with her milking pail.

Looking at an open window, she was still more surprised to see in the gathering gloom a woman kneeling by her grandmother's chair, while Mrs. Pickett was shaking her head in a dazed kind of way and saying:

"I don't understand it, Rachel. It seems to me I must be dreamin' and that I'll wake up pretty soon and find it ain't so!"

"But you ain't dreaming, Mahala," Dorothy heard Mrs. Day say, with a hysterical and tearful little laugh. "It's all true as gospel. Here I am, kneeling right by you, and there's the money right in your lap."

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY SENSES."

"And you found it in that old oak chist that I thought had been empty for twenty years?"

"Yes, in that secret place in the lid. Don't you remember it?"

"I do now that you speak of it, Rachel. But I'd forgotten all about it before. It's been so many years since the chist was used."

"Well, I remembered it soon as I saw the chest," replied Mrs. Day, "and when I got home with the things I'd bought today and they'd been carried into the house and I found time to look them over I put my finger right on the spot where the spring was in the chest lid. The little door dropped, and a roll of bills came tumbling down into the chest.

"I was so upset at first, Mahala, that I couldn't believe my senses, and when I'd pinched and shaken myself to prove that I was awake I found it was true and that the cavity in the lid was full of bills—more than enough to pay off the mortgage and almost enough to pay off the note."

"And you brought it right over to me! Oh, Rachel!"

"Of course I did, Mahala. Whatever my other feelings are, hateful and holding spite for years, and all that, I'm honest, Mahala, and I wouldn't touch a pin I'd no right to."

"I know you wouldn't Rachel, and I didn't mean to hint that you would. But I'm so glad you brought the money yourself."

"I did think of sending it," said Mrs. Day, "but as I sat thinking it all over and how glad you'd be to get it in the middle of your trouble I began to feel sorry for you, Mahala, and the sorrier I got the more ashamed I was of myself, and the chest and everything together called back old times until I just laid my head on the chest and had a good long cry. I got up feeling kinder and tenderer toward you than I've felt for twenty years, though there's been times when I've wanted to make up bad enough, but I was afraid you wouldn't."

"I'd been glad to, Rachel."

For a long time the old ladies sat, forgetting and forgiving the past and renewing a friendship got to be treasured in the future.

With the money Grandfather Pickett had secreted so carefully in the old chest and the proceeds of the sale Mrs. Pickett easily made up enough to pay off her husband's indebtedness. Mrs. Day returned the articles she had bought at the sale, and Mrs. Pickett gradually regained possession of her most cherished household treasures.

"I never could bear the thought of havin' a vandoo made of my things," said Mrs. Pickett afterward during one of her weekly visits to her old friend Rachel, "but if I hadn't made a vandoo of 'em it ain't at all likely that money 'd ever been found in my day and you and I never would have made up. So there are 'gains' for all our losses and 'bains for all our pains,' as the poetry book says."

"That's so, Mahala," said Mrs. Day.

All That He Knew About.

He had called upon his son at college.

"Did John show you everything of interest there?" his wife inquired when he returned.

"He said he did."

"What did he show you?"

"The gymnasium, the football field, the baseball diamond, the boathouses and the training quarters for the crew."

New Burglar Alarm.

Burglars are expected to have difficulty beating an alarm invented by a German genius. The appliance is very simple, consisting of a curtain or portiere, wired with fine conductors. At certain places on it are fixed small metal knobs, which are connected with the wire conductors. The curtain is then drawn across the window or door or around a safe, and the slightest disturbance breaks the circuit, as the knobs are thrown out of contact with each other.—Chicago News.

Schoolroom Dust.

In the course of a report on the disinfection of schoolrooms W. H. Marsh, an English science teacher, asserts that tests made of samples of schoolroom dust showed the number of microorganisms therein to be from 50,000,000 to 80,000,000 an ounce. On some days as much as one and one-quarter pounds of dust was swept from a room 400 square feet in area, which, on the basis of the figures quoted, would yield from 1,000,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 micro-organisms.

QUITE FOGGY.

It Must Have Been Pretty Thick Back In the Old Days.

"Yaas, it's foggy—quite foggy," said Hezekiah Torpyhue, filling his pipe and puffing vigorously on the stem. "But it ain't nothin' to the fog we had back in seventy-nine. By gorry, boys, but that was a fog, an' no mistake! Why, it was so thick that when I went out to the barn one night to feed the animals I had to git three o' the farm hands to come along behind me an' push me through it."

"Yaas," said Higgin Wigley, the egg king, "that was some fog. I remember that there seventy-nine affair very well, but it warn't a marker alongside o' the two we had in seventy-eight, when me an' Joe Sillsbee had to take a plow to cut our way through to the henhouse, an', by ginger, when we got there we found the hens a-settin' on it instid of on their nests, an' some of 'em laid eggs right on to it like as though it was made o' hay, b'gosh!"

"Yaas," put in old Grauther Smoggs, the village patriarch, "them there two fogs was dandies, an' everything you fellers says about 'em is gospel frewth, but for real fog ye'd oughter been around here back in my young days. I tell ye they was solid, them days. Why, we boys used to set on the fence down in front o' the little chapel an' make fog balls outen 'em an' peg 'em at people as they went by. Seems to me I ain't seen no fogs sence that time that we could make snowballs out of. Have you, Bill?"—Chicago News.

The Laborer and His Hire.

At a conference in New York of foreign missions boards reference was made to the increased cost of living of missionaries home on leave, which made it harder for them to get along than if they stayed in their foreign field of labor.

"Why," said the speaker, "a missionary must travel decently, and that reminds me of a story of Mr. Spurgeon and a fellow clergyman. The two were just starting on a railway journey and Mr. Spurgeon's friend showed him a second class ticket.

"'See,' said he, 'what good care I take of the Lord's money.'

"'See,' said Mr. Spurgeon, bringing out a first class ticket, 'what good care I take of the Lord's servant.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Don's Opinion.

Fashion is as inexorable in men's as in women's dress. The undergraduate is perhaps the most telling example of this. It was so even a century ago, when Oxford led the way in adopting the new nankeen trousers that were to supersede tight breeches and top boots. Just about that part of a don of Trinity met an undergraduate arrayed, to all the splendor of the new fashion. "Young man," said the don severely, "you will come to no good. You wear nankeen trousers and keep a dog." The young man afterward became Dr. Sumner and bishop of Winchester.—London Chronicle.

Interested.

He was telling his wife about a small game of poker in which he had lost 45 cents.

"It was the worst game I ever played," he exclaimed, still sorry over it, "and I got so mad I couldn't see."

"What did you do then, dear," she asked sweetly—"go it blind?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

MISTAKES IN TITLES.

"Love's Discourses" Has Nothing to Do With Cupid's Pranks.

It is interesting to collect certain of the instances of mistakes in regard to the titles of books. Thus the old farmer who asked for "Edgworth on Irish Bulls" got no doubt something he did not expect, and the dainty youth who applied for "Love's Discourses" did not really wish a volume of sermons by Christopher Love. If application is made by messenger, mistakes of a different sort may occur. An excitable boy once asked for Bishop Cocks and Hen's "Earnest Communicant;" he meant Bishop Oxenden's. Similarly by Warne's "Moral Cookery" he meant his "Model Cookery." A maid forgot all about the title of the book she had been sent for, except that it was "something like tomato soup." She was served with "Red Portage."

It may have been a fault of pronunciation on the part of the purchaser who asked for "rubber bands" that he received a copy of "Robert Burns," but it was certainly the bookseller who was at sea who referred an applicant for "Vega's Logarithmic Tables" to the "furniture department." In cataloguing booksellers frequently err. Thus Mr Madan, the Oxford scholar, who wrote a grammar and dictionary of the Swahili language, had these works catalogued as "Madam Swahili's Grammar" and in the line beneath, "Do. do. Dictionary." Recently, too, a book of Mr. Lucas', "A Swan and Her Friends," giving an account of Miss Seward, "the swan of Lichfield," was classified as "Annie Swan and Her Friends."—Manchester Guardian.

The Graduates.

He planned when at last he acquired
His fund of complete erudition,
From some lurking house of refuge
He meant to "accept a position."

A few brief months
With that, played Bob.
Behold him no
To hunt a job!

She planned when at last she acquired
Her store of unparalleled learning
A wedding ring she would accept
From some millionaire most discerning

A few brief months.
Some changes make
Behold her learn
To fry a steak!

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Move Over.

The end seat you read about
Is really not to blame, you know;
It is a force of habit—he
Was end man in a minstrel show.

—Boston Globe.

Defined.

Knicker—What is the difference between a job and a position?

Bocker—A position throws the chest out, and a job plants the feet firmly.—Puck.

Summer Girl.

In summer time we paint the town
And little else is done;
We would like them well because
Of their cosmetic color.

—Kansas City Times.

Under a Spell.

Blues: "Your [illegible] depression seems to lead a charmed life."

Jaggs: "[illegible] wife keeps [illegible]."—Boston News.

Cynical.

[illegible] with other [illegible] crystallized [illegible]

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 8, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Did you celebrate?

—Fry & Comes are advertising a white waist sale in their space this week.

—On Monday Buffalo had 41 fires which only incurred a total loss of less than $3000.

—Dr. Lee O'Dell of Tylersburg, Clarion county, Pa., has invented and had patented a cuspidor, the object of which is to prevent the spread of disease from sputum. This cuspidor is made so it is convenient to use it in public places or on the streets and is so constructed that it will not convey disease germs, so it is said.

—The editor of the New Milford Advertiser has a new cure for setting hens. He says: "The quickest way to break up a setting hen that I have tried is to put a Teddy bear in the nest. This will scare the set out of any hen when she goes to the nest." Thus the prowess of the Teddy paraphenalia continues to carry terror to feathers and furs at home and abroad.

—Ross Cossolet, an Italian aged 35 years was fatally injured last Saturday in the Bradford yards of the B., R. & P. railroad. He, with five other workmen, was pumping a hand car when it became derailed. Ross was riding backward and was thrown under the car when it left the rails. His skull was fractured and he was otherwise injured. He was removed to the Bradford hospital where he died in a few hours.

—Edward Buser of Bradford, visiting relatives in Franklin, met with an accident Monday afternoon which cost him his left arm. Buser, who is a man between 30 and 35 years of age, was taking a trolley ride between Franklin and Oil City, and the accident occured while his car was on the switch near Victory. According to the man's own story he was sitting next the open window with his arm hanging out, when a moving car passing on the nearby track side swiped the car in which he sat tearing the arm nearly off. He was taken to the Franklin hospital where the arm was amputated at the shoulder joint.

ROBERT ADAM.

He Created a New Era in English Architecture.

Robert Adam (1728-92) was to English architecture what Benvenuto Cellini was to that of Italy. He was architect to the king, belonged at court, a member of parliament, and it was said of him that he "could not help adorning all that he touched." Those of the English people who dwell in Adam houses prize them as rare jewels.

Adam introduced into English architecture a lightness, delicacy of touch and charm of proportion which it had never before possessed and which gave his name to that splendid period of architecture the style of which lasted over a century. Everything in a house, from the panel in a ceiling to the vases and gilt wood tripods and branches for lights, from hangings at the windows to a woman's hairpin holder, Adam designed himself.

Adam got his rich, beautiful and distinctive style from the ruins of the Emperor Diocletian, at Spalato. As a finish to interiors he conceived the idea of using figures in relief upon walls, colored and adorned according to Raphael's Stanze painted flat upon the walls of the Vatican. His idea was as bold as its result was beautiful. He also adopted Pompeiian styles of decoration.

"Adam was artist as well as architect, and his walls, ceilings and interior adornments are marvels of harmonious colors," says an architect. "He employed no less personages than Angelica Kaufman and Zucchi to paint many of the panels and medallions let into his ceilings, and it was his habit to have carpets woven to match the pattern overhead and harmonize with the color there employed. The keynote of Adam's style is 'movement,' combined with perfect artistic fitness, and it is peculiar for its grace and statelliness."—New York Tribune.

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WAKING UP WILLIAM

His Wily Wife Finally Got What She Was After.

IT WAS A WELL PLAYED GAME

William Was a Little Slow, but When the Lady's Trump Card Was Played He Said Just What She Wanted Him to Say From the Very Start.

"William," said Mrs. Gilmartin, bending over the sewing in her lap, "what do you think we'd better have Thursday night when the Pritchards come?"

Mr. Gilmartin lowered his paper an instant and stared across the table at her.

"Have?" he said. "Why, I suppose we'll have a couple of games of cinch and a lot of foolish talk, as usual."

"I mean what will we have to eat—stupid!" explained his wife. "You know they always have a little lunch when we go over to their place."

"Oh, to eat!" echoed Gilmartin, resuming his newspaper. "Why, have whatever you like. I don't care."

Mrs. Gilmartin sighed and patted the sewing on her knee after taking a furtive glance at her engrossed husband.

"That's easy enough to say," she observed, "but I want to talk to you about it. This is important. Do help me out, Will," she added. "I've thought until I'm dizzy, and nothing seems quite the thing."

"H-m-m!" said Gilmartin, frowning at the wall paper and trying to think. "Why, I should think—or—almost anything would do that's—er, nice—what's-ever they usually have, you know," he added rather helplessly. "Go ahead and get up a nice little supper. You know how." And he calmly resumed his newspaper.

"But this is different, dear," persisted Mrs. Gilmartin, puckering her brows and her sewing in her agitation. "This is Mrs. Pritchard's birthday, and we invited them to celebrate it with us weeks and weeks ago. You know she's such a stickler for having everything just right. I'm worried sick."

"What is there to worry about?" demanded her husband, looking over the top of the paper in surprise. "I suppose the Pritchards eat about the same sort of things the rest of us do. I never saw much difference the few times we had a bite with them. They aren't any better than we are, as far as I can see. I guess what's good enough for us is good enough for Al Pritchard and his wife."

Mrs. Gilmartin heaved another rather pathetic sigh and said: "It isn't the actual food I'm worrying about and whether it will be as you say, good enough for them. That's silly. But it's the selection of a little menu for a birthday party and the table decorations and the lights and—and everything," she added. "Mrs. Pritchard says it's the little things that show the clever housekeeper."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Mrs. Gilmartin ventured a suggestion.

"Creamed oysters are nice," she said.

"Um-hum," breathed the head of the house absently. "What was that?" he demanded, turning suddenly. "I didn't hear."

"I said creamed oysters are nice," repeated Mrs. Gilmartin.

"Sure! Of course they are!" he declared with enthusiasm. "All right. Let's have creamed oysters," and he dived into the stock market reports.

"Well, you don't imagine we can make a whole birthday supper off creamed oysters, do you?" demanded Mrs. Gilmartin indignantly. "There must be a lot of other things thought of. Mrs. Pritchard says it's just these little affairs that bring out real tact and good taste."

"Oh, bother—Mrs. Pritchard!" snapped Gilmartin.

"Why, Will," said his wife mildly, "I'm afraid you're out of sorts this evening, and I did want to have a nice long talk about this little supper, because so much depends on it."

"I beg your pardon," said her husband contritely, laying down his paper. "I didn't mean to be cross. Now, what will we have after the creamed oysters?"

"I suppose a chicken salad or something like that would be all right," said Mrs. Gilmartin rather doubtfully, "and we ought to have a stuffed tomato, although that seems awfully common and ordinary for a birthday party. You know the Pritchards always turn the whole thing over to Robbem, who has that caterer's place near them, whenever they have anything sort of formal—a birthday or a holiday party like this, you know."

"What do we want of a caterer to get up supper for four people?" demanded Mr. Gilmartin. "You can get away with it in great shape with Hilda to help you out."

"Oh, I didn't mean for us to get Robbem," she said, glancing at him from beneath her lashes. "I was just telling you how easy it is for them. Mrs. Pritchard says it's absurd for people to go to the expense of hiring a caterer for a small affair unless they have plenty of money."

Mr. Gilmartin stood up and took a turn across the floor.

"Oh, she does, does she?" he said defiantly. "Is that so? Well, you just go over to Robbem's tomorrow and put the whole thing in his hands and quit worrying. I guess we can stand for it about as easily as Al Pritchard can."

Mrs. Gilmartin dropped her sewing to the floor with a delightful little squeal, ran around the table and threw both arms around his neck.

"Oh, you old dear," she cooed, "that's just what I wanted you to say all along!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Windfall.

"How did that roommate of yours manage to raise the wind this time?"

"He sent to his father in his usual breezy way for a draft."—Baltimore American.

You benefit yourself only as you benefit humanity.—Oliver.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

Where They Bar the Windows and Leave the Doors Open.

The City of Mexico swarms with life, yet it is still life. It is the hour of the siesta when you arrive and the streets are deserted of moving things, though every darkened doorway possesses its own colony of slumberers who have cast themselves down where they stood to sleep away the heat laden hours when no man works. Even the very dogs slink into the shadow of the dazzling walls and loll pitifully. The tinkle of mule bells is hushed. The cry of the muleteer sounds no longer. To walk through these streets with imperious foot, after the British fashion, seems sacrilege. One might be walking through a city of the dead.

But the hot hours pass, the city awakens, the mules strain and plunge at the collar, the dogs prowl about between the legs of those who pass, the shops are opened, the scent of garlic saturated cookery rises strongly, mantilla shrouded faces peep from ancient casemates protected by massive iron bars, and the city of sleep becomes a city of leisurely wakefulness. You notice these barred casemates particularly. They are as feature of Mexico. Householders bar the windows, and leave the doors unfastened, and here you have an epitome of Mexican character: Do nothing openly, everything on the sly, even to wooing your ladylove.

You might spend a long lifetime in the City of Mexico and still leave much unseen, there are so many features to note—the actual city life, the life beyond those jealously guarded windows, the life lived in the flower scented patios where cooling fountains play with musical softness. Here comes a vaquero riding nonchalantly up the street, a typical product of Mexico, a cattle hand from one of the outlying ranches, a perfect fury unchained when the liquor of the country is in him, a gentle, dreamy child when the liquor has evaporated, and yet between the two events he might have committed a dozen murders without the slightest compunction. His swarthy face is alight with merry laughter. His earrings sparkle in the declining sun. The gay trappings of his magnificent horse fling back dazzling specks of color. In his chaparajos (those fringed overalls which protect the speckless white riding breeches from the dust of the way), his bell buttoned jacket, his sombrero, with the haft of a machete protruding from his crimson sash, he might be a hero of old legend instead of a commonplace cowboy.—Frank H. Shaw in Chambers' Journal.

Why Men Wear Trousers.

No living man of this age ever deliberately chose to "adopt trousers." He was forced into them and all other eccentricities of dress by woman. In the very earliest sartorial experience of every man he is swathed in a queer bundle of incoherent bandages by a woman. Later she puts him into cute little dresses so that the neighbors can't tell him from his little sister. Still later she cuts off his curls and puts him into knickerbockers, and he gets on "long pants" when she gives the word and not before. That is all that man has to do or ever had to do with wearing trousers. Woman forced him into them in the first place, and now he is afraid to wear anything else for fear of making a sensation.—Providence Journal.

Virginia Cabbage.

Select a small, fine pointed head of cabbage, cutting off the top for a lid. Cut out the center, leaving a wall an inch thick. Chop one cupful of cabbage very fine, then add one cupful each of ground ham and veal, one grated onion and finely chopped green pepper, six rolled crackers, two beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful each of celery salt and salt, one saltspoonful of white pepper and two dashes of cayenne. Mix thoroughly, fill cabbage, tie on the lid, put in a cheesecloth bag and boil in salted water for one hour. Slice crosswise and serve with cream sauce. Delicious. Serve the potato croquettes on the same platter.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fatherly Advice.

"Dad," said the country youth who had just graduated from the district school, "I have long cherished a desire to go on the stage and have at last decided, with your permission, to"—

"My boy," interrupted the old granger, "all the world's a stage. You hitch the mules to the big red plow and transfer the outfit to the ten acre lot behind the barn, where you can enact the star role in that beautiful drama entitled 'Down on the Farm.'"—Chicago News.

Courtship in the North.

The old Eskimo lit a cup of walrus oil and peered over the sealskin curtain.

"Aurora," he called, sharply, "is that young man down there yet?"

"Yes, pa," answered the Eskimo belle.

"Well, I want you to cut him out, understand?"

"Er—you'll have to do it yourself, pa. He has been here so long he is frozen to the snow settee."—Success Magazine.

Qualified.

The great magazine editor sneered.

"What right have you," he asked, "to think you'll ever make a poet?"

"Well, sir," the youth said timidly, "I've been fasting man in a sideshow for the last two seasons."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No man is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

Caught.

She—Did you hear they were going to tax bachelors? He—Yes, but they'll never get it out of me. She—It is nice of you to put it that way, but I must speak to mother first.—Illustrated Bits.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

THE MUSTACHE.

Ridiculed in England When It First Came Into Fashion.

The custom of wearing mustaches did not prevail in France until the reign of Louis Philippe, when it became obligatory in the whole French army. In England the mustache was worn by hussars after the peace of 1815, and it was not until the close of the Crimean war that English civilians as well as English soldiers in general wore hair on the lip.

Shortly after the mustache came into favor among gentlemen Horace Maybew was passing through an English country town and was immediately noted and followed by a small army of children, who pointed to his lip and called out derisively:

"He's got whiskers under his snout! He's got whiskers under his snout!"

For a long time the mustache was the subject of raillery, even after it was becoming common, and the famous caricaturist Leech printed in Punch a picture of two old fashioned women who, when they were spoken to by bearded railway guards, fell on their knees and cried out:

"Take all that we have, gentlemen, but spare our lives!"—Westminster Gazette.

The Intelligent Censor.

Some years ago a young man of St. Petersburg, Ivan Fedowski, quarreled with his sweetheart and then took his grief out of the country. About a year after he wrote to the girl asking her to "make up" and telling her if she forgave him to insert a "personal" to that effect in a St. Petersburg paper not later than a certain date. The girl was repentant, too, and she promptly got the "personal" ready, and all would have been well had it not been for the lynx eyed censor, who believed it to be some sort of nihilist message and refused to allow its publication. After awhile, however, the stern official was convinced that the "personal" was harmless, and it was printed four days late. It was a little while after when the girl received word that her lover, having failed to see the message in print on the day he had set, had shot himself two days before it saw the light.

Kept His Feet Dry.

Extraordinary conduct on the part of two men upon seeing the body of a woman in the water was disclosed at an inquest held at the Victory Inn, on the Hogs Back, Surrey. A farm laborer named Sidney Smith missed his mother one morning and on searching found her lying face upward in a roadside pond. He ran off, and another laborer named Matthews, who passed the pond, also ran away, neither making any effort to pull her out. Matthews told the coroner he did not do so, as he did not know if he would be doing right.

The Coroner—The poor creature might have not been dead at that time. You could easily have got her out, I suppose?

"I should have had to go up to my knees in the water."—London Mail.

Golden Horseshoes.

Roman writers inform us that Commodus caused the hoofs of his horse to be gilded. Nero when he undertook short journeys was always drawn by mules that had silver shoes, and those of his wife, Poppæa, had shoes of gold. From a passage in "Dio Cassius" there is reason to think that the upper part only was formed of those noble metals or that they were perhaps plated out of thin slips. When Boniface, marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to Rentrix, about the year 1038, his whole train was so magnificently decorated that his horses were shod with silver. The nails were even of the same metal.

His Selection.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lions' cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John without hesitation.—Everybody's Magazine.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes made from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, The Miner, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms —$1 25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1 00 per year

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1 00 per column per annum payable monthly Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion

Legal advertisements five cents per line for each insertion

Cards, not exceeding one inch $5 00 per annum

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors and administrators notices $3 00 each

Address all communications to

HARRY L BACKUS
Editor and Proprietor

Smethport, Thursday July 1 1909

The 'Old Glory' went on a vacation in Pittsburgh on Tuesday The biggest flag in the world went wild Tons of tile and slat were pulled loose from the roof of the court house and fell to the street below It was one the elements that caused Old Glory' to act thusly—the wind She was removed from her moorings folded nicely and placed away tenderly, with patriotic hearts until the next great—the greatest of all days in the hearts of Americans—Independence Day

In the suburbs of Paris a young man whose business it was to pose for moving pictures, recently appeared before the camera in a scene depicting the struggles of a drowning man in a river His act was strikingly realistic, and a crowd of onlookers applauded his excellent performance. When the actor sank finally and did not again return to the surface the horrible truth became known that the actor was really drowned and that his realism was too real He overplayed his part

WILMER BONEY, JR, a wealthy young planter, was shot to death at Shreveport, La last Friday by an Italian girl while her father mother, brother and sweetheart held the struggling man. Boney's throat was also cut, but none of the accused would tell how this happened The girl declared that she had been deceived by Boney and she killed him Her relatives believing Boney's death justified, agreed to help her When the death became known threats were made against the four Italians

PRESIDENT TAFT having said in the campaign of last year that without being familiar with the tariff schedules as an expert, it was his impression that they should be revised downward a Democratic newspaper, The Pittsburgh Post like others of the same school asserts "Closest scrutiny fails to reveal that the senate is in agreement with that view"

A scrutiny that fails to find downward revision in the work of the senate is the sort that will not see Consider for example, the iron and steel schedules in which Pittsburgh has so large an interest The duty on iron ore has been reduced 15 per cent below the Dingley rate by the senate The reduction in the duty on pig iron and steel is 20 per cent On the parts of items of the iron and steel schedules there is only one we now recall that remains at the Dingley rate The lightest cut all through is 20 per cent Cuts of 40 per cent and 50 per cent are the rule Cuts of 60 per cent are numerous There are two cases of 100 per cent and just two cases of 10 per cent But shows of 20 per cent having been made from "the best"

In the pig iron business in Pittsburgh industry, cost is cut as 21 per cent The cut in window glass averages more than 40 per cent The cut in the wood schedule averages 25 per cent And they are not the only ones

The reductions mentioned affect local interests in a very important manner We are unwilling to say that the newspaper which asserts that the closest scrutiny fails to reveal that the senate is in harmony with the pre election declaration of Mr Taft is guilty of plain unmoralmental lying We prefer to believe that it is ignorance But ignorance in this instance is as inexcusable as mendacity —Pittsburgh Gazette Times

Harrisburg Letter.

HARRISBURG July 2

The following statement from Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust will be read with interest 'Considerable agitation has recently been aroused owing to reported violations of the Oleomargarine Law in a certain section of the State As Dairy and Food Commissioner I desire to say that whenever and wherever violations of the Oleomargarine or other Pure Food Laws are discovered by this Bureau, or reported to it they are prosecuted to the full extent of the law The Oleomargarine Law, like the liquor and other similar laws is extremely difficult to enforce and while violations occur now, and always have occurred, it is the purpose of this Bureau to reduce violations to a minimum and to punish to the maximum every violator of the provisions of the law To this end I solicit information that will enable this Bureau to locate any violations of the Oleomargarin Law that may occur in any part of the State

This is particularly solicited from dairymen and especially from the public press with which has more to do with the formation of public sentiment While public sentiment is strong against wrong doing generally and properly so it is not to that public sentiment in certain parts of the State is more or less opposed to the enforcement of the Oleomargarine Law and for this reason in its fight for observance of the law the Bureau invites the co operation and support of every newspaper every organization and every individual in the Commonwealth,

The following extracts from the records of this office show the activity of the Bureau from the date of the approval of the Oleomargarine Law, May 29th 1901, so far as those counties in the section of the State are concerned in which violations of the law most frequently occur and where public sentiment makes them most difficult to suppress In the counties referred to, viz Allegheny, Beaver, Fayette Lawrence, Mercer, Washington and Westmoreland—during the years 1901 and 1902 Commissioners Wilkes and Cope terminated 183 cases, and turned in the State Treasury $71 00 in fines and cost during the years 1903 1904 and 1905 and 1906 Commissioner Warner terminated 302 cases, and paid into the State Treasury $23-687,50 in fines and costs, and the years 1907, 1908 and 1909 to June 10th Commissioner Foust terminated 130 cases, and paid into the State Treasury $3d, 429 28 In addition there are 33 Injunction Cases pending in the courts of Allegheny County, 13 Contempt Cases pending in the Superior Court for violating the orders of the Court, and 50 first and second offense cases for trial, with a large number of cases before the Aldermen and many others in preparation"

Gathering Cloves

Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth A clove tree begins to bear at the age of ten years and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years There are two crops a year one in June and one in December The tree is an evergreen and grows from forty to fifty feet high with large oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first, white then light green and at the time of gathering bright red Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop They are dried in the sun being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment.

Cards and Their History

Cards are square shaped pieces of pasteboard printed with various devices and employed as a business medium by money changers They are usually made up in packs of fifty two one for each week of the year A good many people play cards for pleasure In which case their opponents are said to be buying experience In most card games the rule is that the cards must be cut but not otherwise marked This rule is not strictly observed in games in which only three cards are used Indeed the marking of cards has attained a high degree of perfection since the introduction of numerous card index systems Pushpins change in card games as in everything else Old maid, for instance is now a solemn play in the best circles Playing card should not be confused with store cards which are either issued with visiting cards which are small cards Ivers Magazine

A Rhineland Legend

There is a Rhineland legend of three German robbers who having acquired by various attributes what amounted to a very valuable booty agreed to divide their wealth and retire in safe dungeons in order With the due appointed for this purpose arrived each of them was dispatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their last repast The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return that they might divide his share between them They did so But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions that he might appropriate to himself the whole of the spoil This precious triumvirate were found dead together

Salt Codfish Omelet

Soak a piece of salt codfish about six inches square overnight Split six crackers and lay them in cold water just enough to cover them In the morning pick the fish fine and mix well with the soaked crackers three well beaten eggs and a piece of butter the size of an egg also salt and pepper Take one quart of milk and add to it one dessertspoonful of flour Boil five minutes and pour over in the dish in which it is to be baked Bake twenty minutes —Boston Post.

119 Acre Farm
Near Keating Summit
With Stock and Tools
For Only $3,500.

We offer for sale a farm of 119 acres located 1 mile from Keating Summit, Pa, and 5 miles from Austin, Pa Hill land, watered by 3 springs, and well, productive red soil, wire fences, fine bearing orchard 65 acres under cultivation 54 acres in pasture and timber 2 houses, one of 5 rooms and one of 6 rooms in fair repair one barn 36x40 with stable and wagon shed Included with farm is 2 horses, 3 cows 1 yearlings 1 brood sow, full outfit of farm tools and machinery Price for everything $3,500 Terms $1 000 cash easy payments on the balance There is no better market than the Austin market only 5 miles away

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

GOING OUT OF THE
SHOE BUSINESS
SALE IS ON NOW!

Our entire $8000.00 stock of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes and Oxfords must be sold at once as we are obliged to vacate our store room in the Odd Fellows' Block in a very short time.
Buy now and save from 20 to 50 per cent. on every purchase.
All Rubber Boots now going at cost.

150 pairs Men's Perhune Shoes and Oxfords, were $3.50, 4.00 and 5.00, now ---------- $2.95	70 pairs Ladies' Oxfords and Shoes, were $3.00, 3.50 and 4.00, now ---------- 2.48 Pat. Tan or Vici	Children's Buster Brown Shoes at big reductions.
Men's $3.50 and 4.00 Crossett Shoes, now ---------- 3.00	26 pairs Ladies' black, tan and smoke Suede Pumps and Ties $3.50 and 4.00, now ------- 2.75	Men's and Boys' Slippers, everything goes.
All Men's $5.00, 6.00 and 7.00 Shoes now ---------- 4.00	Ladies' tan Oxfords were $3.50, going at ---------- 2.65	Oxfords for the girl at ------- .89 Good ones.
		25c polish ---------- .19
		10c " ---------- .07

Numerous others that our space does not allow us to mention.
We Must wind this up in 30 days. Come early, when you are sure you can get the right size. Everything goes.
The sale starts to-day,

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909

Don't miss it — We always do it right

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
— TO —
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.
July 9, 23, August 6, 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10 18 a m and 4 58 p m on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points,
STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent Tickets good to return within fifteen days
Full information of Ticket Agents

J R WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager — GEO W BOYD, General Passenger Agent

WAVERLY
A thin, pale oil. High real viscosity—no fictitious body. Retains its lubricating powers at high temperatures. The best oil for either air or water-cooled cars.
"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."
Ask your dealer—a trial will convince.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., PITTSBURG, PA.
Independent Oil Refiners.
SPECIAL AUTO OIL

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

Five-day excursion
from NEWTON
Saturday, July 24

$3.25 NIAGARA FALLS

Train leaves Newton 3 01 p m

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J A Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Cement Walks
I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for
12c per Square Foot
Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction All material and work guaranteed to be first class
A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

The Lindhom Company

Ask You to enjoy a sane Fourth of July.

—Buy a—

PALMER HAMMOCK

and enjoy the Fourth in a shady nook. The best investment you can make. Priced so you can't help but buy one.

$1.00 to $10.00

And bright new patterns. See them in our window.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Lesser's COW COMFORT

Increases the Milk Production

Absolutely harmless to man or beast. Very obnoxious to FLIES and INSECT PESTS. Dairymen realize the fact more flies less milk and butter, and that a poorer quality. Nothing could be more vexing or annoying than a cow "fighting flies" at milking time.

The increased production of milk and butter will, by far, overcome the cost of goods and application, besides the comfort to the animal which cannot be over-estimated.

Lesser's Cow Comfort will make the hair and skin of your animals sleek and clean, will heal sores without scab. Has no objectionable odor.

We guarantee Lesser's Cow Comfort to do all we claim or money refunded.

For sale

—by—

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 8, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Daly & Garlick have a new advertisement this week.

—Now get ready for Old Home Week in Bradford.

—A first-class cement walk has been put in by James McGuire in front of his Grand Central Hotel.

—This is fine haying weather and farmers throughout this vicinity are taking advantage of it.

—The dance given at the Lyceum Monday night was well attended and all enjoyed themselves hugely.

—An adjourned meeting of the Smethport Fire Department will be held tomorrow evening. Important business.

—The annual outing of the "Mud Turtles" was held at the Island Park Monday evening. A good time is reported.

—Mrs. Melville M. Gillette entertains a number of ladies at luncheon at her home on West Main street at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

—A new cement walk is being laid in front of the Imperial Hotel this week and Landlord Geary is being kept busy bossing the job.

—The Hyde-Murphy Co., of Ridgway, which has the contract for erecting Anderson & Carlson's new shoe store, has started the brick work.

—A jolly bunch of campers enjoyed an outing at the head of Potato creek the fore part of the week. For further particulars see the "Bills."

—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hafner, residing near Clermont celebrated their 50th anniversary on Saturday, July 3rd. Only the immediate family was present.

—Miss Lourene Shurtz and Mr. Charles A. Towers of Buffalo were married on Wednesday of last week at the home of the bride's parents in Port Allegany.

—The Bell Oil & Gas Co., held a meeting at Port Allegany yesterday afternoon and after transacting some business adjourned to meet in Kane tomorrow.

—The A. D. Simmons farm of 54 acres located three miles from Eldred, Pa. was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency to W. B. Frazier of Kane, who gets immediate possession.

—Mrs. John Brooke wishes to thank all persons that have been so kind as to inquire about her while she has been so very ill and also for the beautiful flowers that have been sent.

—We think Sunday, July 4, 1909, will go on record as the coldest Fourth of July in the history of Smethport and vicinity. A slight frost is reported from several places in this vicinity.

—About fourteen or sixteen young people who have been camping on the Gallup farm at Norwich corners since last Friday, returned home yesterday. They report an excellent time.

—Last Thursday afternoon Mrs. J. W. Lee gave a party for her guest, Miss Marie Lee of Bloomsburg, Pa. A number of young people were guests at the Lee home on King street and all had a delightful time.

—County Commissioner Marsh was in town Wednesday with relief orders for Mrs. Bartow and Joseph Wallace, a boy of eight years, whose parents have parted and have left him uncared for. Mr. Marsh took them to the county home, leaving Wednesday noon.—Port Allegany Argus.

—According to the Chicago Record-Herald's summaries of Tuesday of the casualities in the United States of three days' celebration of the Fourth of July 46 people are dead and 1575 injured. The deaths due to tetanus were 18. The fire losses from the Fourth amounted to $446,500.

—The "Ten Nights in a Barroom" Co. that gave a tent performance here last Saturday night was greeted with a large crowd and gave a fair performance. The band which rendered street concerts is one of the best that has visited Smethport in a long time and did much toward drawing the large crowd.

—Mrs. N. H. Knapp takes this method of thanking the many people of Smethport who have materially assisted her in her late bereavement. So many have shown her kindnesses that it is almost impossible to thank each in person much as she would like to do so, and she begs each to accept her heartfelt thanks through the columns of this paper.

—Some women whose love for flowers overshadows their sense of propriety are in the habit of gathering bouquets from the graves in Rose Hill cemetery. Love for flowers is natural, in women, but grave robbing seems like a perverted taste in the female sex. If those women must have flowers our advice is to steal them from the living instead of the dead.

—Mrs. George Otto of Hazelhurst has been failing mentally for some time and her condition has recently become such that it was decided to place her in the asylum at Warren. On Thursday County Commissioner John A. Peterson, in company with Mrs. Bruce Spencer, a daughter of the unfortunate woman, escorted her to Warren.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—J. H. Secor, justice of the peace of Ridgway township, was driving over the Clearfield railroad tracks in Ridgway, Monday evening, at the Main street crossing. A train struck his carriage, wrecking it. The horse escaped serious injury. Mr. Secor was hurled 30 feet, death was instantaneous. Deceased was a prominent, respected citizen, 70 years old.

—The death of Michael Fare, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fare of Lewis Run occurred Tuesday afternoon at 1:45 o'clock at the home of his parents. For several years the boy has been in the habit of chewing tobacco and swallowing the juice. He was thrown into convultions and later death relieved him. He is survived besides his parents by three sisters and two brothers.

—On Monday afternoon 24 of our townspeople drove to Frog Camp and participated in a picnic supper. Baseball games by the ladies and gentlemen were the features of the afternoon sports and in the evening "Fat" Warren did some entertaining which was greatly enjoyed by all. The repast was excellent and all did it ample justice except Guy McCoy, who always has an appetite like a canary bird.

—The MINER is not quite up to the standard this week, but as the force laid off a day or so to celebrate the Fourth and the editor has been mixed up in a moving job this week, we hope our readers will overlook its short comings, this week. Many papers do not publish at all this week, but we prefer to give our readers a little instead of nothing at all. And as our friend Col. Gillette would say, it is just as good for lighting fires or for wrappers as though it was full of news.

—On Saturday evening, June 26, at 8 o'clock Miss Ida McConeghy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McConeghy of Coudersport, and Mr. Perry Nixon of Port Allegany, formerly of Smethport, were united in marriage at Coudersport, Rev. Harold S. Stewart performing the ceremony at the rectory. The bride is a popular Coudersport young lady and the groom is well known here where he has many friends who wish them a long life of wedded bliss.

—Howard M. Cleveland arrived home last Friday from Philadelphia, where on the 16th inst. he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania a full-fledged physician. The interval since graduation was spent in taking the examinations before the state boards of this state and New Jersey, both of which were passed successfully. On Wednesday of this week Dr. Cleveland left for Altoona, Pa., where he has accepted the position of resident physician in the hospital of that city.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The members of the Bradford Gun club who went to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., to participate in the shoot of the Canadian and American "Indians" made a very good showing. L. E. Mallory, Jr., of this city made the remarkable amateur run of 114 straight targets and F. W. Wagner broke a total of 103 without a miss. Mrs. Topperwein, who has shot on the Bradford club grounds, was in attendance at the shoot in Canada and in the professional class broke a string of 231 targets without a miss.—Bradford Era.

—Mrs. William Dempler of Boylston street entertained on Wednesday afternoon, covers being laid for ten. The table decorations were smilax, carnations and sweet peas. The place cards announced the engagement of Miss Inez Boring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Boring of Summer street, to Mr. Paul Green of Smethport. The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. L. D. Cogswell of Halsey, Mrs. Elmer Sterling of North Tonawanda, N. Y., and Mrs. E. E. Slingerland, of Gillmor.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

—At the meeting of the Hose Company last Friday evening the constitution and by-laws of the company were changed. The name of this company was changed to the Smethport Fire Department, and is divided into four companies—two hose companies, an engine company and a hook and ladder company. Each company is to have a foreman and one assistant foreman, and the entire Department to be under command of a chief and assistant chief. The active membership limit was increased from 50 to 80. The Department decided to go to Bradford on Firemen's Day of Old Home Week.

If you have pains in the back, weak back, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they will do for you and if you send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, you will receive a free trial box of these kidney and bladder pills. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport. F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Peter Conolly is visiting friends in Mt. Alton.

Mrs. Thomas Whitton of Olean is visiting friends in town.

Editor R. K. Godding of Kane was a visitor in town this morning.

Luther Brooke of Buffalo was home from Saturday until Tuesday.

Miss Edna Comes is the guest of relatives and friends in St. Marys.

Orlo J. Hamlin was called to New York on business Tuesday evening.

Miss Rose Allen is spending the week in Mt. Jewett, the guest of friends.

Miss Larned of Syracuse is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Scott F. Redfield.

David McCarthy of Mt. Jewett was in town Monday visiting his parents.

Allen Hamlin of New York City is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burdick are camping on Lasher brook.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt and daughter, Miss Bulva, visited Olean and Rock City yesterday.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., of New York City has been visiting his parents in town for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Curtis of Holland, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Curtis for a few days.

Adam Hafner of Sagamore, Pa., is visiting friends in town and was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Frank Warren of Buffalo was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Hamlin over Sunday, returning to his home on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrison and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell were guests of relatives in Fredonia this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Keefe of Jamestown were guests of friends and relatives in town the latter part of last week.

Wade Thetgee of Perry, N. Y., was in town Tuesday and Wednesday renewing acquaintances with his school day friends.

A. W. Colegrove spent Sunday and Monday in Chipmunk, N. Y., where his wife and two children are making an extended visit.

G. L. Smith and wife and daughter, Miss Myrtle, of Driftwood are visiting Frank Gallup and family at their home in Keating.

Mrs. Helen Brewer of Norwich was the guest of friends in town a few days this week. Mrs. Brewer is past 85 years of age and made the trip in an automobile. Despite her age she is very fond of riding in a horseless carriage.

Alex Clarke of Folsom, W. Va., arrived in town Saturday and was the guest of friends in town until Wednesday morning. Alex is looking the picture of health and he says his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Clarke, like their Southern home very much but will always remember Smethport.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., SMETHPORT, PA., at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,694.74
Bonds	167,418.00
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	85,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

To Keep Cool

dress lightly. The lightest, brightest, rightest shirts are:

"EMPEROR" Shirts, $1 and upward.
"PRINCELY" Shirts, 50 and 75 cents.
"JACK-RABBIT" Work Shirts 50 cents and upward.

We have added much to our reputation by selling such Shirts as the above, along with our splendid line of Suits, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Wm. Monheimer

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

WHITE WAIST SALE

We offer this week choice of fifty white Lawn Waists at a saving that is worth your prompt attention.

There is a large variety of styles in lingerie and medium weight lawns; lace and embroidery trimmings; long and short sleeves; button back and front.

See them in the window.

Values up to $2.25 Sale price $1.25

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

Confectionery

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT. - PENNA.

LOOK FOR THE GREEN GOODS

FRESH EVERY DAY

AT

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

DIVIDED WAYS.

What a Chance Meeting After Many Years Revealed.

By SUSAN H MORLEY.

[Copyright, 1900 by Associated Literary Press.]

"There's not another such stretch on the whole sound," Lisa was saying gayly. "For miles it's this same way—so level that at low tide we could, if we chose, pass dry shod like the children of Israel to the other side, which means to you Ishmael. In fact it's our favorite—"

A whirring black cloud, startling the horses, rose suddenly from the edge of the water as they turned a sharp point, and Seth Eckles, who was no horseman, had all he could do to keep his seat.

"Stormy petrels," laughed Lisa. "The beach takes its name from them, they haunt it in such numbers. You know. If you could stay another month, Seth, we'd make a rider of you. It's a better sport any time, I warrant, than those new glossed games you talk so much about."

Eckles, who was comfortably settled in his saddle again, listened to the pounding of the hoofs on the hard wet

"DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN FOR THE LONGEST WHILE?"

sand, his eyes on Lisa, whose small gray form seemed to blend and become a part of the lithe grey she was riding.

He admired her immensely, this stepdaughter of his aunt, and suddenly it seemed to him that mortal man could ask for nothing better than Lisa for a wife, and life in this out of the way but aristocratic and exclusive, half antiquated old town.

And Lisa was pretty. Not a girl he had ever known could compare with her in beauty not to mention a certain rare grace of manner and an unusual, dainty wit.

She had money and lineage, too, back of her, and Seth Eckles was old enough and wise enough to know the value of such things.

If silence is golden," she interrupted quizzically, "then your burden must indeed be heavy. Do you know you haven't spoken for the longest while?"

I was—thinking," he stammered guiltily, and it did seem that anything so sordid as family and money could for an instant have associated themselves in his mind with the girl here. If it was Lisa to ask it.

How late," Lisa exclaimed with the booming of the sunset gun on the old fort across the channel. "If you but knew it, Seth, we're five miles from home. I'm there's dinner and dressing and I can't under any circumstances allow a guest to disgrace himself by arriving tardily at a function in his honor. We've got to run for it.

She whirled and left Seth following and keeping up as best he could, but unclaimed by the distance between them. Was there not the dance at the clubhouse yet before his train at midnight? At any rate it was a chance.

And Seth made the best of it. The long galleries were bowers of palms and remote from the ballroom and there with the tide pummeling at the pier and tossing up sheets of spray Seth told his story.

He was young and handsome and adept, and he pleaded his case well—so well that he had Lisa in the white radiance of a big moon and with the shimmer of water about them exchanged vows convinced that each was intended for the other. That was the way life looked that night, but, of course, it would be the same a year hence when Lisa should be eighteen and the engagement made public.

Then Seth, fresh from a law school established himself in New York. There was no tiresome, weary waiting for clients. From the very first luck held his hand and business troubles, growling like hyenas at the doors of even older men, from him stood aloof.

Besides he had full measure of amusements and pleasure. Friends he made everywhere. His hearty laugh and genial disposition kept him in demand.

Life was so satisfactory and success so easy that he was already well spoiled before he met Laura Norton, who was Lisa's exact opposite. Before he knew it he had forgotten his pledge to Lisa and was formally engaged to Laura, the engagement being speedily followed by marriage.

For awhile there were hours of doubt when he stood truly against at what he had done. In every conceivable light and with all honesty he argued the matter convincing himself finally that he had nothing to regret. Lisa was young and susceptible. Probably she was already consoled.

In any case a man's maturer judgment was to be respected no matter at what cost. And Seth greatly admired his wife, her easy adaptability, her cleverness, her accomplishments. Besides they were congenial. Her ambitions fully equaled his, and her penchant for politics was a factor in his career, pushing him into places he knew he could not have reached alone.

For a time honors seemed absolutely heaped upon him. He could scarcely keep step with fortune's pace, so fast and furiously did she mount. But once started on the ladder he continued to climb even long after his wife's death and when his pride had grieved and Lisa was but a misty dream. And luck still held his hand.

He was in the running for governor, making the press said, a phenomenal campaign. Men spoke of him as the brilliant light the strong man of his time. Everywhere he was made much of, and it was at a reception for him in the old clubhouse at the end of the pier that a sleeping memory awoke.

Could it be possible that he was awake? Only an hour ago it might have been that he last saw the evergreen of the ballroom, the long bowers of palms with lights twinkling among the black green foliage, the surf beating at the pier and the white foam dashing high. There was music too, just as on that other night, but less shimmering in pale green, with a string of pearls about her white throat and nestling in her yellow hair—Lisa—

I claim the privilege of an old friend." A musical voice spoke close to his ear as he leaned on the railing, and a hand touched his arm.

It was Lisa. He knew it before he turned to see her in pale, shimmering green with pearls at her throat and in the same fair hair. She smiled at him too in the old way with little dimples about her mouth and her sensitive lips moving ever so slightly, though her face was in repose.

How pretty she was! Incomparably prettier than that other night and with a sweet, womanly dignity which puzzled him. What had come to her to so beautify beauty, to so intensify loveliness?

He forgot the years and deeds that lay between that faroff night and this, like leaves between the covers of a book, remembering only as it were the preface that once she had loved him, that he still loved her, the crown of any man's life.

"Lisa!" he cried, his face aglow, his hands extended. "Lisa!"

"Dreaming!" she laughed. Then the little hand pulled at his sleeve as the other reached toward two men in the shadows. One of them was strong and fine and one was young and handsome. "I want you, Seth," she said, "to know my son and my husband."

Not Entirely Undisputed.

The case before the court was one involving the ownership of a tract of land and the attorney for one of the parties to the suit was cross examining a witness. "Now Mr Grimshaw," he said, "the property on which you live was originally a part of the twenty acres in dispute was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your title is based on the original title to that land, I presume?"

"Yes sir."

"How long have you resided there?"

"Over twenty-one years."

"Have you had—now mark me—have you had twenty-one years undisputed possession of that property?"

The witness hesitated a moment.

"Remember, Mr. Grimshaw," said the lawyer, raising his voice, "that you are under oath. Have you had twenty-one years undisputed possession of that property?"

It has been disputed once and only once," answered the witness. "I found a nest of bumblebees in my back yard one day last summer."

In the general laugh that followed this answer the lawyer subsided with a expansion.

Freaks of Figures.

Some person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987,654,321 (which you will observe are simply the figures 1 to 9 inclusive, reversed) by 15 gives 14,814,444,444,415. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 12345678) by 45 we get a result equally curious—viz 5,555,555,505. If we take 12345 6789 as the multiplicand and interchanging the figures in 45 so as to make them read 54, use the last number as a multiplier the result will be 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again, the result will be 53,333,333,334 all threes except the first and last figures which together read 34 the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27 the half of 54 as the multiplier the product is 26,666,666,607, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27 the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 instead as a multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand we get as a product 71,111,111,112, all ones except the first and last figures, which together read 72, the multiplier.

An Infliction.

"Your tickets were complimentary were they not?"

"Well," replied the man who had been a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."—London Tit-Bits.

THE PILLORY.

An English Writer's Reflections Upon Public Punishment.

Perhaps one of the few really democratic institutions ever created was the pillory. I do not say that it was a humane institution though it was certainly more humane than our system of silent imprisonment. But to me humanity has nothing to do with being democratic. You may have humane and inhumane democracies, just as you may have humane and inhumane despots.

The point is that the pillory was a real appeal to the people. If it was cruel it was because the people were cruel or perhaps justly indignant. The people threw dead cats (the less humanitarian I believe threw big cats, but they could throw bouquets and crowns of laurel if they liked. Sometimes they did. The argument about the old public punishments cuts both ways. The publicity was an additional risk for the government as well as an additional risk for the prisoner, and this is specially true of the executions for treason. It was no small thing that half a million men might possibly flock as a martyr a man whom the king was treating as a murderer, that the prince had to concede to every obscure ruffian exactly what that ruffian probably wanted most—fame.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

THE KANGAROO.

Its Hind Legs Are a Most Formidable Pair of Weapons.

The kangaroo seems poorly provided by nature with offensive weapons. His powers of biting are not formidable and his fore paws are so weak as to seem almost rudimentary members of little use. His hind legs are muscular and strong, but are apparently of use only to assist flight from his enemies. On these hind legs is found however a most formidable weapon in the shape of a long claw as hard as steel and sharp as a chisel—as terrible to dogs as the scythe chariots of the ancients were to their enemies. When run down the kangaroo, placing a tree behind him to protect his rear, will seize in his fore paws such inferior dogs as rush up to him and holding them firmly, disembowel them with a sweep of his sickle-like claws.

Even the hunters themselves thus caught in the viselike grip of an "old man" kangaroo of the larger breeds have sometimes suffered in like manner and have now and then taken their own turn at being hunted as the enraged animals turned upon them and attacked their horses with blind ferocity.—St. James' Gazette.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The gigantic Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world. It was erected in honor of the sun by Charles of Lindus, a disciple of Lysippus, and was thrown down by an earthquake about 224 B. C.

The figure stood upon two moles, a leg extended on each side of the harbor. A winding staircase led to the top of the figure, from out of the eyes of which were visible the coast of Syria and the ships sailing on the coast of Egypt. The colossi were the peculiar characteristic of eastern art and were of common occurrence, many of them being over sixty feet in height. The most celebrated is the statue of Memnos, on the plain of Thebes, described by the historian Strabo.

A Skeleton in Every Closet.

The expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" is said to have its origin in the fact that a soldier once wrote to his mother who complained of her unhappiness to have some sewing done for him by some one who had no cares or troubles. At last the mother found a woman who seemed to have no troubles, but when she told her business the woman took her to a closet containing a skeleton and said "Madam, I try to keep my troubles to myself, but every night I am compelled by my husband to kiss this skeleton who was once his rival. Think you then, I can be happy?"

Alphabetical Time.

An English firm, Higgins & Dodd, finding that there were twelve letters in their name, placed a great clock over their door with the letters on its face instead of numerals.

They waited anxiously for days, weeks, hoping for some return, but not a soul took notice of the clock. At last, amid excitement behind the office window, a man was seen to halt in the street and gaze at the clock, puzzled.

Slowly he came to the door, entered and drawled, "Say, is it half past Higgins or a quarter to Dodd?"—T. P.'s Weekly.

Her Bargain.

Wife—Oh, this is awful! These curtains I got at the bargain sale don't match our furniture. Hubby—Return 'em. Wife—I should say not—cheap as I got them? We must have some new furniture at once!—Cleveland Leader.

The Hero.

"So Higgins has written a historical novel?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Who is the hero of the book?"

"The man who has undertaken to publish it."—Washington Star.

To Save Space.

Jack—Hello Tom, old man, got your new hat fitted up yet? Tom—Not quite. Say do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?—Boston Transcript.

When you have written a wrathful letter put it in the stove.—Lincoln.

CUPID VERSUS HER ART.

After the Explanation the Studio Plans Were Abandoned.

By HELEN J. WOOD.

See here, Connie, I can't go a step farther. If you want to carry out the rest of your program for today you will have to do it by yourself. I am tired out. And here are these horrid papers I have been carrying around all morning without even a chance to glance in them.

Mrs. Curwin emphasized her remarks by sinking down on one of the benches in front of the Pavillon des Arts Industriels. Soon she was buried in her papers quite forgetful of foreign surroundings.

One glance at the daughter showed that she was the genius of the little sightseeing party. Filled with a determination to see everything at the exposition she had been persuasively instructing her much minded mother for a week. Mrs. Curwin was hankering for the allurements of the French shops but Connie had been resolute. The exposition first and Paris afterward was her motto.

But today she was wise enough to overlook this sudden insubordination. Besides she was tired herself. So there she sat idly watching the stream of passing people. What contrasts in hues and costume met her eye—English, Turks, Hindoos, Japanese and numerous others all in their holiday garb, a brilliant, picturesque, constantly changing throng. Interesting as it all was, there was a limit to her interest, and Connie showed clearly that she was getting there.

Her mother's eyes took on a quizzical look.

"Why, I can't leave you yet. Well, well!" And she pursed as if for a severe reprimand.

Connie leaned over and read the exciting paragraph.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Ingen announce the engagement of their daughter Maud to James Worcester Pennington of this city."

Connie started in spite of herself.

"Jim! And he never told me!"

"That's just what I'd like to know. How did he ever work it up in such a hurry? Why we have been gone only two months, and before that he was always hinting, never utterly."

She fairly sputtered in her excitement but a glance at her daughter's face calmed her. It wore the look of one stunned by the shock of a sudden blow.

Of course she went on more quietly. It may have been going on for a long time. Maud is not pretty, with an admiring gaze at her own daughter, but she is kind and pleasant. He might have done worse.

Connie had started to her feet.

"Yes, he might have done worse," she echoed. "But I shall write him a note tonight and scold him for not having told us before—he whom he called his best friend. Now mother, if you are determined not to see anything more today you can easily find your way home. I will follow out the program alone." And picking up her guidebooks she hurried off.

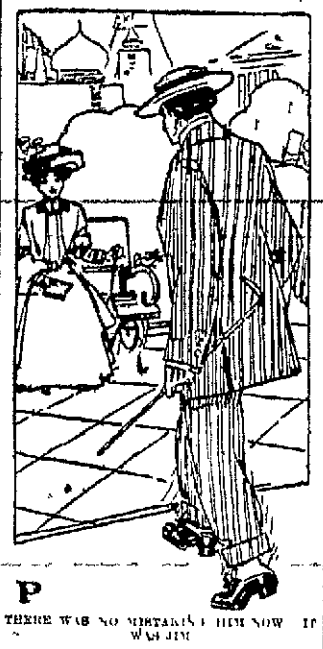
Mrs. Curwin gazed after her with a growing anxiety. Did Connie really care?

Meanwhile the trim little figure was hurrying down a long aisle. Her eyes passed over a kaleidoscopic succession of objects that somehow failed to make any impression on her brain. The exposition roared and flashed around her, and in her mind one train of thoughts kept repeating with a horrible persistency.

Jim engaged—her Jim! Yes, he had been her Jim, she said almost savagely, had been her best friend for ever so long. She had been coquettish and flirted with the other boys but he had known all along she felt sure. Had he only been flirting with her? No, no! But here he was, engaged to an other girl! And then the whole miserable circuit began once more.

She came home to the pension so white and weary that her mother was alarmed but she pleaded fatigue and went off to bed like a tired child.

Poor Mrs. Curwin was much perplexed in the days that followed. Connie seemed the usual Connie, but what had inspired the girl with this insane notion of staying in Paris to study art? She argued and scolded but all in vain. Connie was a young person of a determined mind and on this subject she was more than usually determined. Her mother finally resigned herself to the prospect of being an exile from her beloved native land for, of course, when Connie stayed she had to stay too until Connie weighed of this latest whim. Mrs. Curwin decided that it would be such a



THERE WAS NO MISTAKING HIM NOW. IT WAS JIM.

However there was one attraction for her misery. Connie seemed to have lost her enthusiasm over doing the exposition, she spent her time investigating art schools and studios leaving her mother to plunge into all the delights of shopping of which the good woman did not soon tire. To be sure Connie might have shown a little more interest in her purchases. It was all very well to say that as an art student she would need few clothes. Mrs. Curwin knew better. Connie had always been fond of clothes and some day she would wake up from her art dreams and find that her wardrobe was bare.

But her daughter's indifference to her own interests did not prevent Mrs. Curwin from entering eagerly into all her plans for the studio. If only they had brought some of their home furniture with them! Connie tried to explain patiently how out of place the heavy elegantly upholstered pieces would be in a studio and how much more delightful it would be to pick up the necessary things one at a time in the various curio shops. This last idea was balm to her mother's ruffled feelings. It offered such infinite possibilities for shopping.

With this laudable object in view she soon came to make a familiar figure at all the curio dealers. Connie was usually the interpreter but it often happened that all three of the party became involved in the intricacies of the French language. Mrs. Curwin never lacked the courage to speak. Each day she came home with some new treasure and the delight in the heart to spoil her delight by reminding her that they already had enough things to fill two studios instead of one.

These were weary days for Connie and yet she was too proud to confide her sufferings to her mother. What good would it do anyway to disturb their serenity? And she had had a word from Jim in answer to her note. Small wonder, for what could he say? And yet—and yet—he might have—

She had been sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Tuileries, and now she rose with a start and tried to enjoy the fountains splashing and glittering under the July sun and the pretty French children with their bonnes in peasant caps.

As she glanced down the path she saw a well dressed American looking from side to side as if in search of some one. Her heart gave a leap. He looked like—Nonsense! She was always imagining that she saw him.

The gentleman came directly toward her. There was no mistaking him now. It was Jim.

She gazed at him. Then the glad light died from her face.

"You! Here!" she said slowly.

"Just got in from New York," was the cheerful reply. "Found your mother on the Rue de Rivoli as here I am. And he took her unresisting hand.

"You don't say you're glad to see me. That's rough when a chap comes as many miles to see you, dear."

The "dear" acted like an electric shock. Wrenching free her hand, she faced him with blazing eyes.

"You know you ought not to be here. You might to be at Newport with Maud."

Jim seized both hands now. He had forgotten the people, forgotten everything but the white tense face of the little American girl.

"Connie dear, it's all a dreadful mistake, and I came over just as soon as I could arrange it to tell you the truth. It's Cousin James from Colorado, who is engaged to Maud and the stupid newspaper made the error. But I never guessed you'd care so much, dearest!"

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Curwin found them at the pension sitting in the dusk. As usual, her arms were filled with bundles.

Connie she cried triumphantly, "I have found the greatest bargains for your studio—a pair of bellows and a leather cushion and—"

Studio! Jim interrupted. Somehow Connie had forgotten to tell him about her winter plans.

He listened to Mrs. Curwin's explanations with a smile.

"I guess we'll be making use of all these things in New York, won't we, Connie?"

And Connie smiled back a "Yes."

A Written Opinion.

A portly and pompous man once held a commission as brigadier general of militia and a license to practice law, neither of which he had much occasion to use. He finally had a case before the supreme court and proudly hoped to see his name in the reports as counsel for the plaintiff above a long and elaborate opinion of the court.

When his case was called on opinion day he was enraged to hear the simple announcement from the bench "Affirmed."

After the court adjourned he went to Judge McKinney, whom he knew well and said, "Judge, I thought that the supreme court at least would obey the law."

"Wherein has the court failed?" asked the judge.

"The law requires that a written opinion be delivered in every case this court tries and none was delivered in this case."

The judge had the rolled record brought to him and glanced at the bottom of the page. Placing his finger on the abbreviation Aff'd. he said to the ambitious general, "See there! 'Aff'd.' Isn't that a written opinion?"

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Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

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in good, reliable companies

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt S Murphy
State Treasurer—John D Shortz
Auditor General—Robt K Young
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck

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State Senator—Frank E Baldwin, Austin
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Sheriff—Wm H Morrison Smethport
Treasurer—W H Mcraney, Smethport
Recorder—H M Choate Smethport
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County School Superintendent—Burleigh Eyre Smethport.

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Justice—R T Gibson
Constable—L D Ives
School Director—H C Young, Prescott P Coolidge sec'y, W L Speth, treas, John B Eaton, H H Redfield, John Cheek
Collector—L D Gibson
Assessors—C H Ely
Auditors—J A Swanson, C B Curtis, W R Spaeth
Judge of Election—H S Mann
Inspectors of Election—I D Ely, J M Clure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W MASSER, W M
W. J. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will Work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WAYNE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets first Thursday after 1st Tuesday in each month at 1 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.
H. E. WRIGHT, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PRINCE, Secy.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7 30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

LYDIA ABBEY, L. M.
HELEN EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every afternoon at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. HARPER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Secy.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. CUNNINGHAM, Pres.
JENNIE FRIEDLACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 251, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE I. COLE, Assoc. Matron.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

M. S. HEALY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 00 a. m. Preaching at 10 30 a. m. Sunday School at 11 45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6 30 p. m. Evening service at 7 30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 00 a. m. and 4 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 4 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on Sunday and at 10 a. m. on the first.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ward, pastor. Preaching at 11 Sunday at 10 30 a. m. and 7 45 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 30 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 3 o'clock. All are invited.

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A CORNER in TROUBLES

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

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At first people had been skeptical regarding the truth of the report that they would not go near Wyse & Co.'s office; but when day or two finally entered, boldly attacked the brokers on the subject, and found they had no difficulty in unloading on them—then an endless stream of wilfully eager sellers poured into the big room all day, and fairly fell over one another on the stairs.

Those fortunate enough to squeeze in, came out looking remarkably well satisfied, buttoning their coats over very fat pocketbooks.

Adams, struggling with the rest, was now midstream; but his football training enabled him to wedge through the mass and get in after two hours' hard work.

The office door was bolted behind him as he was admitted. He sat down wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"I understand," he gasped, "that you are—er—er—"

"That we are trying to make a corner in Troubles," said the suave Mr. Wyse. "Quite true! We only make one stipulation—you must make no reservations; you must sell all your troubles or none."

Adams could scarcely conceal his scorn. "Take 'em and welcome!" he said, "and at your own price."

The broker glanced at the clerk.

"Make an itemized list for Mr."—he glanced at the young man's card—"for Mr. Charles Adams."

Adams cleared his throat.

"Debt," he began.

"Debt," clicked the echoing typewriter under the clerk's rapid fingers.

"Limp in one ankle from college scrimmage." ("Makes me look like a fool where she is," he muttered.)

The machine rattled and ceased.

"Rivals," remarked the other, flushing unevenly at certain recollections.

"Rather briefer than usual," smiled the broker, finding the list completed, and signing a check which he handed Adams pleasantly. The latter raised at the amount.

"In five years," said the broker, still smiling, "you can reprecisave. If you wish at a cost of 100 per cent. rise in price. I shall close my office here shortly, and not return for five years."

"Not likely I'll want to buy," snapped Adams in a tone which asked, "Am I a fool?" Then he added with a sudden thought: "Would you be so awfully kind as to let me watch the crowd awhile?"

"I don't mind," said the broker easily. "Sit over there and pretend to be one of my clerks."

As Adams crossed to the designated chair he observed jovially that the objectionable limp had already vanished.

For several hours he sat and watched the incomers.

The first was a florid-looking woman, who had squeezed in by sheer weight of bulk. She was perhaps 50, and immediately spattered into an incoherent statement of her troubles. They resolved themselves into scrimping and planning to dress her two grown daughters and the numerous sacrifices necessary to keep a third at school.

Then came a young man and woman hand-in-hand, who looked at the broker with half-terrified eyes and whispered shamefacedly:

"Love isn't what the stories said it was! We've been married only a year, and already we have had a 'dreadful time putting up with each other. We want to be free, so that each can marry a perfect individual."

"Divorce wanted," clicked the machine.

"That's all," they said, with relief.

Another said wearily:

"I was born to the stewardship of money. I have the pressure of responsibility on me all the time. No matter what I do with it, I am hooted at by the newspapers for a selfish, designing dog. I am, in a word, misunderstood. Take away my stewardship. Give me freedom again."

Still another cried fretfully:

"Pain—pain—physical pain. Take it away! Blot it out of my whole family! We are fond of the fleshpots, and they give us pain. Take away that useless infliction."

At five o'clock the office closed relentlessly, and in a week's time Wyse & Co. disappeared, leaving the city of Z—— practically destitute of troubles.

Z—— had always been an exclusive sort of place, and its inhabitants kept the whole matter to themselves, and went their daily ways in the firm belief that they now had a paradise on earth.

It was six months before Adams saw "her" again, for she had been in Europe when Wyse & Co. opened their place.

As soon as she returned he made haste to call on her.

When the word haste is used it must be understood in a mild sense. He knew very well that no rivals would be beforehand. No other suitors would ever again approach her. He had forestalled and prevented that. She would never again seem attractive to other men. He wondered vaguely why this thought gave him a distinct sense of uneasiness, a feeling as though somehow he had been cheated. He was quite sure that his estimate of his future wife could in no way depend on the value in which others held her; and yet when he pictured Jones and Smith passing her with a sort of indifferent sniff he felt a desire rising to punch their heads for lack of taste.

She received him graciously, though she covertly looked him over as they sat together, while he explained in a self-satisfied way that he no longer had any difficulties to meet.

"That accounts for it," she observed unexpectedly and in a very discontented tone.

"Accounts for what?" he demanded with some offense.

"For that fat look about you," she said. "You used to have a sort of daring expression in your eyes, as though you were ready to meet all that fortune could send. What's become of that?"

"How do I know?" he said in natural pique. "Do you expect me to keep keyed up all the time, now I'm out of debt and know I'll never be in it again?"

"You certainly are not keyed up," she retorted. "You have flopped down spiritually to the sort of level that those old retired bankers show in their faces."

"Thank you!" he said sardonically as he rose and began pacing the room. She gave a little cry of dismay.

"What's become of your beautiful limp?"

"My beautiful limp!" he repeated, astounded.

"That's why I liked you," she said, beginning to cry. "You looked like a soldier with that limp! It made you different from the other men."

"See here," he retorted furiously, "you'd better find me different from the other men, anyway, for I'm all the—"

He checked himself in time. He could not be so brutal as to tell her that he alone of all the men in the wide world had any admiration for her.

He looked at her critically instead of speaking, and was dismayed to find himself picking flaws in her really pretty face—that face he had once thought a synopsis of heavenly loveliness.

After this things went on very strangely.

Where he asked himself, was the ardor with which he had hastened to her side when he had feared the attentions of those fools that used to hover round her so eagerly? Poop girl! To be with her had become a disagreeable duty, for she was a marked wall-flower whenever girls whose names he danced with. Other men were civil—no more. One day he overheard his special friend, Herbert Lance, wondering what Adams had ever seen in that Miss Cumming, and he cursed his luck and agreed.

Something else worried him. Whence came this feeling of perpetual discontent with his future—that beautiful future now so pleasantly mapped out for him? He did not have to raise his finger. His wife to be and his money were utterly secure in his hands—and yet he began to realize with a kind of dull horror that the only things that really gratified him now were the home delights, such as eating and drinking, which once he had wholesomely despised.

He determined to pay an old acquaintance—the middle-aged dame who had to scrimp for her daughters. He would get sympathy from her, as her own ills were healed.

She forestalled him by pouring out a torrent of personal woe.

"I just tell you!" she mourned. "I've known you since you were in arms. And you are close-mouthed. I am just miserable—miseyable! I never was an intellectual woman, but I always was necessary to the girls because they had to come to me for advice in a thousand ways about housekeeping and clothes. And 'twas me that kept Clarice at school by makin' preserves and sewing at night. I wish you'd heard them! 'Twas, 'Mother, how'll we do this—do that?'—so sweet an' comfortin'. Now it's all changed! I can't advise 'em about anything! They've got all they need—and more!"

She burst into a flood of tears, and Adams retreated in disgust.

"Fool of a woman," he muttered, and just as he spoke he ran into the new minister, who clutched him by the arm and said, hoarsely:

"What is the matter with this God-forsaken town—this despicable place—where I find nothing but selfishness incarnate! We used to be friends before you lived here. Tell me?"

"I don't know what you mean," retorted Adams resentfully. He did not want to be disturbed just then.

"But you must help me," persisted the minister, dragging his reluctant companion into a park and pulling him down on one of the benches. For the minister was a Christian after Kingsley's heart, a compound of muscularity and forceful will.

"You see," he explained, earnestly, "I go to this man and that woman, and I ask aid for such movements as are sadly needed. What answer do I get? Just this: 'Why should we bother about those people? They have no troubles. There is no longer any need to think of anyone but ourselves.'"

"I suppose," said Adams, sulkily, "that the whole affair dates back to the corner in Troubles made by Wyse & Co. They brought them up left and right."

"And you," said the minister, curiously, "did you sell yours?"

"Of course I did."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so," said Adams, wearily. "Only," he added with a painful smile, "it does seem to me as though the verve—the snap—was gone out of everything."

"Have you no genuine joy in anything now?" asked the minister, "you who used to be tiptoe to meet the world?"

"Yes," said Adams, frankly, "I am happy while I am eating my dinner. We have a remarkable cook at our boarding house. Really," he added, with a touch of genuine enthusiasm, "the fellow is a genius in his sauces. I can eat twice as much there as I can elsewhere. The—"

"Yur cook!" interrupted the minister, somewhat rudely. "The cook and the sauces! That's what the whole Glamson family talked of yesterday. I wish you could see them! They gorge from morning to night."

"More fools they," said Adams, disdainfully. "I hope I have more sense than that. My palate would soon be blunted—to say nothing of getting gout, et al."

"They are not afraid of getting disease," returned the minister, "for they informed me that they had lost their sense of pain."

"Then they've lost the only guard they ever had over their health," said Adams, cynically. "All that kept those people alive was the twinges and cramps that attacked them after their orgies and forced them into moderation. Nobody but a Glamson," he added, scornfully, "would have asked obliteration of the sense of pain. Suppose one of them catches on fire? He will burn to a crisp before he even knows anything is wrong. They are ghosts!"

"Do you," said the minister, abruptly, "consider the sale of those troubles a good thing for this city?"

"Why not?" returned Adams, with a slight yawn. "It used to be an awful bother thinking about other people in misfortune. Now we only have to think of ourselves. And, of course," he added, "the things we believed of most value we all had sealed to us in such a way that they are perfectly safe."

The minister fastened a lance, straight glance on his companion.

"Has it," he demanded, significantly, "has it—this safety—added to their value?"

Adams felt his thoughts revert to his fiancee waiting patiently for him—alone, as she always was now. He remembered the pride he had once felt in appearing everywhere with her—in showing his treasure to admiring eyes. He felt himself squirming on the bench as he used to do in Sunday school in his childhood days when a too-pointed question reached his soul.

"Er—er—that's a different question."

The minister rose, buttoning his light topcoat.

"I think I can answer it for you," he said, contemptuously, "you well-fed—good-looking—animal!"

His tall, thin figure disappeared among the trees. Adams stared after him.

It was two years since the disappearance of Wyse & Co. He wondered cynically why he did not find himself married—why he had not asked his fiancee to set the day for their union. Then he told himself there was plenty of time for that. Suddenly in the midst of a train of rather maundering thought he flung up his hands despairingly.

My God!" he cried, "what an insufferable bore life is!"

A single cab, loaded with papers, came clattering across the common yelling as he ran.

As he neared Adams the latter began to distinguish the words:

"Unexpected return of Wyse & Co! All about it in the evening [illegible]! Their office open to sell troubles!"

He bought a copy, startled and interested by the news. His good angel made a gallant struggle past the folds of fleshly selfishness that had lately enwrapped and embruted him, and cried into his ear. With something of his old liveliness he strode towards the former office of Wyse & Co.

"I can buy them back," he muttered, "and if I find life any worse, I can throw myself in the river!"

He expected to slink up the office stairs alone, contemptuously commented on by the passers. He found himself buffeted through a determined mass.

When he did get into the office the couple he had seen there before were there again, hand-in-hand.

"And so," sobbed the woman, "we have both found that there aren't any perfect people! We want the old, sweet life, the old, dear troubles back again! We are ready to bear with each other."

"It will take every cent we own to buy them back, and so return to the old life," said the man, "but it's worth it."

As they went out, a man, in spite of the doorkeepers, slipped in and cried before Adams could speak:

"I want to buy back that stewardship. The deuce take what people say! The fun lies in helping where it's needed. What's gratitude got to do with it? Why, I—"

"Sir," said the broker, firmly, "you must wait until this gentleman is served," and he turned politely to Adams. "What will you have?"

"My debts, a limp, and some rivals," returned Adams, simply.

Getting Ahead of One's Self.

"If I have anything to do that I particularly dislike, I start to work on it the first thing after breakfast, subordinating all routine work to that task," said a successful housekeeper recently. "One can expend enough nervous energy thinking about and worrying over an unpleasant duty to accomplish it. When it is finished and off one's mind early in the day, one gets ahead of one's self, so to speak."

TIM HALLIDAY'S BABY

By ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

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There were sounds of lamentation in Nineveh. Not in the ancient city of that name, but a straggling western settlement of a dozen or more shanties of rough board construction, situated by the side of a railroad, with high wooded bluffs behind and a river flowing peacefully below. A Nineveh whose inhabitants were exclusively Irish, and the male inhabitants whereof were all in the employ of the railroad company on whose land their homes were temporarily erected. Naturally, in so small a community everybody knew more of his neighbor's affairs than of his own, and everybody knew Tim Halliday, and especially Tim Halliday's baby.

Therefore the lamentations, for on this special day Tim Halliday's baby was lost. To be sure, this was not the first thing that the baby had proved a source of public anxiety, for he seemed born to mysterious happenings—so much so, indeed, that some of the worthy matrons of Nineveh had begun to regard him as uncanny and out of the usual order of nature. Already he had been nearly drowned in a cistern, had hung himself in a blackberry bush, had fallen over a 30-foot precipice, and had gone through various other perilous adventures, any one of which would have killed an ordinary baby; but out of them all he had emerged unscathed, and his sturdy little feet still toddled along perilous ways, and his innocent blue eyes still sought other dangers to wander into.

This time, however, he was lost. The last knowledge of him dated back to the early morning, when he had been seen by a neighbor near a clump of blackberry bushes not far from his mother's door. After that he could not be found, and great was the woe in Nineveh over his disappearance. With grief enveloping her rotund person, Mrs. McQuaide walked over to Mrs. Halliday's door to condole. "An' isn't it sad intinde," she remarked, "to see the swate boy taken from under yez very nose, when yez not lookin'?"

Mrs. Halliday did not reply, but sat in her low doorway, rocking backward and forward and giving vent to loud expressions of anguish. Several of the neighbors stood about her, rodeyed, offering such comfort as they could.

"But he'll come back all right," continued Mrs. McQuaide, reassuringly. "That baby's got a charm on him; I can't know, an' he'll be home prisontly."

In spite of this soothing prophecy, he did not come, however, and one after another the searching parties returned, with no news of the missing infant. All through the day the exploration was kept up without avail, but late in the afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the bluffs, an astonishing thing happened. Mrs. Halliday had just stepped to the door, in reply to a call from a passing neighbor, when lo hold, as she looked down the path, there stood the baby!

"The saints be praised!" she cried, half sobbing, as she rushed out and caught him to her breast.

In a moment all Nineveh was agog, and Mrs. McQuaide and Mrs. O'Toole, Mrs. McDermott and others of the town's amiable matrons were on the spot and overwhelming the happy mother with congratulations that were honest and sincere.

"It do be just as I told yez," asserted Mrs. McQuaide in an aside to Mrs. O'Toole. "That child will come to no harm—mind that, now! He was born with a spell on him, an' is under protection."

"The Lord save us! an' is that so?" ejaculated Mrs. O'Toole, piously crossing herself.

"Yes, that be it, sure, an'—Mrs. Halliday, what's the child got in his hand?"

Mrs. Halliday, who was busily talking to the others, turned at that question and looked at the baby's hand. The small pink fist was tightly closed about something, and upon its being pried open a silver dollar fell to the ground. For a moment the group were too astonished to speak. Mrs. McQuaide's tongue was the first to be unloosed.

"The divil fly away wid me! Where, in the name of the blissed saints, d'ye be thinkin' he got that?"

No one could answer, and no one made reply. Mrs. Halliday could offer no explanation. Silver dollars were not very plentiful in Nineveh, and when and where the baby had secured one was a mystery. Questioning the child had no effect.

"Baby's hungry," was all that the grave mite would say, and the matter had to rest there.

Several days passed uneventfully, and then again it was announced that Tim Halliday's baby was lost. This time his absence was not so prolonged, for after several hours' search, Mrs. McQuaide found him asleep under a blackberry bush. The good lady picked him up triumphantly and carried him to his mother, when with great volubility she began to explain how she came to find him. But in the midst of her vehemence she stopped suddenly, as two silver dollars slipped from the baby's hand and jingled to the floor. Mrs. McQuaide looked at Mrs. Halliday, and Mrs. Halliday looked at Mrs. McQuaide.

"Mrs. Halliday," began Mrs. McQuaide, "I'll be—that is, I'm thinkin' this be quare doin's, an' I'm just goin' out of here, that's what I am!" And with almost unseemly haste the good lady hurried from the room.

Mrs. Halliday sat down on the floor and looked at her baby with something akin to awe.

"Well," she soliloquized, "they do be sayin' he's under protection—but whether saints or the divil do be findin' thim silver dollars, I can't know."

And no one knew; and the mystery grew in Nineveh. As for the baby, he wandered about in his innocent way, finding amusement wherever he could and entirely unconscious of the excitement he had produced.

Not so his mother. The feeling of awe that first smote her at the sight of the second supply of silver dollars so possessed her mind, that for days she followed up her small son like a detective shadowing a suspected character.

So passed five days—a week—ten days—and Nineveh had just begun to draw a free breath once more when, presto! the Halliday baby disappeared again as it by magic. While his mother was busy inside the shanty he had been out of her sight for a few minutes, and when she looked for him he was nowhere to be found.

Angry at herself for her lack of watchfulness, Mrs. Halliday sat down in a corner of the room to think and wonder. This time, however, only an hour or so passed, when through the bright sunlight of the open doorway the baby toddled, and, running straight to his mother, dropped a silver dollar into her lap!

This was too much. Worried and weeping, Mrs. Halliday placed the money where she had put the rest of the mysterious treasure—on a shelf under the picture of Saint Patrick, and then hurried to the domicile of Mrs. McQuaide, to talk the matter over with her.

"Mrs. McQuaide," she began, pleadingly, "it's hurted I am with all this trouble. It gives me a pain in me heart;" and in her uncertainty as to the anatomical position of that organ, she clasped her hands across her stomach.

"Well," said Mrs. McQuaide, with orotund emphasis, "it's mesilf as has been thinkin' about that same, an' I've been discussin' the matter wid Mrs. O'Toole an' Mrs. McDermott. Mrs. O'Toole, she be thinkin' he be haunted by a banshee, an' we better be seein' Father Murphy about it."

"Haw, woman!" interrupted Mrs. Halliday indignantly; "there be no banshees in America, they all do be in the auld counthry."

"That's what I told Mrs. O'Toole," answered Mrs. McQuaide. "An' I axed her how they could get hufe, an' she says they just do be comin' over, invisible like, on board the ships like other folk."

"Well, my child have no banshee—that's what!" declared Mrs. Halliday, with emphasis.

"Of course not. If he do, he's the devil's own banshee for bringin' silver dollars. I'd like one mesilf like that," replied Mrs. McQuaide, scoffingly. "But anyway, we all thought that it would be a good thing to go to the city an' ask Father Murphy for a charm to put on the child's back."

To Mrs. Halliday, now so alarmed at the uncanny happenings that had befallen her small son that she was ready to adopt almost any plan for relief, the idea seemed one to be grasped at. So straight to Father Murphy, in a near-by town, Tim Halliday went the next morning, and told the story of the baby's mysterious doings. But when he explained the object of his quest to the priest, that reverend gentleman only laughed.

"Get along home with you," he said. "If it's the silver dollars you're afraid of, it's the saints sent 'em—mind that, now! And tell Mrs. Halliday to hope they'll send more. The idea of two fools asking for a chance to keep away the blessings of heaven! Whoever heard of the like?"

Meantime, while Tim Halliday was interviewing Father Murphy, new mysteries had developed in Nineveh. Incidentally, Tim Halliday's baby had disappeared, but that was to be expected, and it was supposed that he would turn up all right with the usual silver dollar. But he didn't. The event that had so roused the small settlement was this: About 11 o'clock Mrs. McQuaide came running out of her shanty, wringing her hands and crying bitterly. Indeed, her anguish was so loud and vehement that Mrs. O'Toole, Mrs. McDermott, Mrs. Halliday, and all the other ladies of Nineveh came out to discover the cause.

"An' what's the matter wid ye?" questioned Mrs. O'Toole, hurrying forward and placing her hand sympathetically on Mrs. McQuaide's shoulder. "Is it the misery in the stomach?"

"No, it's more fearsome than that," moaned Mrs. McQuaide, "I've been robbed!"

"Robbed?" ejaculated all of the ladies in a breath.

"Yis, that's the way it be," replied Mrs. McQuaide, wiping her eyes with her apron. "I've been savin' up some money this while back, for Barney an' me to start in some little business for ourselves, when we should be ready for it. Of course the banks in town do be breakin' as we all know, and I thought it would be a dale safer to keep the money mesilf. So, the fool that I was, I did that same."

"An' how did yez lose it?" broke in Mrs. O'Toole.

"It's mesilf as is comin' to that," pursued Mrs. McQuaide, with a slight show of dignity. "Ye all know that whin we built the shanty we put it over a big hole that was already there, because it made an illegant cellar to keep 'pertaties an' the like. I can't know who digged the hole in the first place, but the back end of it was boarded up at the time we found it. Well, thin, I pulled one of thim boards loose, an' put me money in behind, in an' auld tay-kettle. Well, fool that I was, I kept puttin in the money in there, mostly in silver, until such times as we should trade it. But to-day, whin I went to look for it, I found some thavin' villin had dug a tunnel from the other way an' took most of the money."

"An' why didn't he stale it all?" asked Mrs. Halliday, excitedly.

"It's yerself that can answer that as well as me," responded Mrs. McQuaide, in accents of deep gloom. "The thafe left the tay-kettle, an' some change in it—bad cess to him!"

Several of the ladies' husbands had joined the group by this time, and heard the tale of woe. Among them was Mr. O'Toole. As he listened his face suddenly brightened.

"I niver thought of it until now, about that tunnel," he said, "but I think I have the explainin' of it. It's an auld coal mine. Pat Driscoll, who lives down by the water tank, found me worst that years back the railroad had run a tunnel back into the hill, an' used to run the coal out on small cars to the track. After a bit they quit workin' an' boarded up the end of the tunnel. An' I'm thinkin', Mrs. McQuaide, that's the the cellar that ye have; it's at the end of the auld mine."

"But who was the thafe of the money?" interrupted Mrs. McQuaide.

This, however, Mr. O'Toole could not explain, and after a few discursive remarks the whole party repaired to Mrs. McQuaide's cellar to investigate. A little vigorous effort in removing the boards revealed the opening behind, where Mrs. McQuaide had so carefully concealed her treasure, and also verified the statement of Mr. O'Toole. There was the tunnel, sure enough, with the timber supports yet in position, and a portion of the car track in place at the bottom.

As the party stood looking into the tunnel there emerged from the darkness a small figure whose wide blue eyes viewed them with innocent wonder, and whose small hands were hidden behind his back. It was the Halliday baby! For a moment the surprise was so great that its mother almost fainted, while Mrs. O'Toole and Mrs. McDermott piously crossed themselves. Not so with Mrs. McQuaide. Seized by a sudden inspiration, she rushed forward and caught up the child in her arms.

"The saints be praised!" she exclaimed. "This be the thafe that's got the money, I can't know. Look at his hands!"

Sure enough, the little pink fists were clasped tightly about some silver coins, and upon going into the tunnel, Mrs. O'Toole soon found, a short distance away, a small opening to the surface above. At some time the baby had discovered this opening, which was in a thick clump of blackberry bushes, near his mother's door, and through it he had made his frequent disappearances, returning thence laden with treasure. Thus the mystery of the robbery and the silver dollars was explained, and in spite of Father Murphy's refusal of a "charm," peace was restored to Nineveh, and the spell lifted from Tim Halliday's baby.

One Use for Tin Cans.

The superfluous tin can is put to good use in several Arizona mining camps and no longer is left on the hillsides to be nibbled by the pensive goat. Particularly at Bisbee, Clifton and Jerome the cans and all other scrap iron available are gathered up and heaped into long troughs and into vats for the precipitation of water that is pumped from the copper mines, carrying copper in solution with sulphur. The iron is gradually eaten away and replaced by copper, forming what is known as "slime," which runs from 30 to 50 per cent. in the red metal. The expense of gathering is almost nothing. The water from the Jerome mines is particularly strong, and it is told that shovels and picks cannot be left in some of the damp drifts for fear of losing the temper of the metal, which eventually will be entirely replaced by copper.

Ore running 15 per cent. copper has been found on the 600 level of the Shattuck mine in Bisbee in a fine sulphide body, whose dimensions have not yet been determined.—Los Angeles Times.

The Kaffeeklatsch.

The difference between a five o'clock tea and a German kaffeeklatsch is enormous. The tea is a pleasant go as you please meeting where we balance our teacups in hands perilously handicapped by our multitudinous possessions, augmented by the frail saucer on which a topheavy piece of cake finds an insecure resting place. We may enjoy a variety of creature comforts augmented by ices and cups on festive occasions.

Not so the German kaffeeklatsch. That is a ponderous affair which you take sitting at tables. Coffee and savories mark the beginning of the meal, followed by numberless cakes which the Germans know so well how to make. This is followed by some creamy preparation of a beautiful device made in ice; this again is succeeded by the choicest fruits.

The kaffeekanne is meanwhile still busily plying its trade. There is a well known German song which ends with the refrain, freely translated: "Thank you, thank you, hostess wife, I never drink more cups than nine."

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HIS HEART'S DESIRE

An Informal Call That Had a Happy Ending.

By GARFIELD MACNEAL.

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The chimes were still ringing as Tom Hastings sat down in the darkness of the little church. He had strolled in hoping for a moment's release from his bitter thoughts, but in the quiet of the place only roused them to greater activity. Yet he could not think of his story, the story already due at the publisher's. Instead he saw only a girl's face, now sweet and gracious as it had been before the quarrel, now cold and repellent as the past two weeks had shown it.

A strain of music broke the silence. The choir was filing in. Hastings glanced carelessly at the white robed procession. The face of the first boy caught his attention for a moment, serious, spiritual, framed in an aureole of golden hair, an ideal face for a choir boy.

But again his thoughts ran back in the old channels to the quarrel and its consequences. Her work had seemed to go on as usual. She was a successful miniature painter—at least fine carriages often stopped at the doorway of the big studio building, and her room rang with feminine voices. That was the maddening part of it. She lived just across the hall, so he must see her many times a day. He had made up his mind to move. But, then, he had such a beastly lot of traps, or perhaps it was some lingering hope that kept him there.

Some familiar words on the organ startled him. Was it the offertory already? Yes, and the ideal choir boy was singing alone. His handsome face was flushed, and in his earnestness he waved his sheet of music gently to and fro.

"Oh, rest in the Lord," he sang.

Hastings leaned forward. The words were apparently for him. The absolute certainty of the boy's tones carried conviction.

"And he shall give thee thy heart's desire."

The tender voice went straight to the man's heart and comforted him. Yes, he, too, would wait patiently, and perhaps some day he, too, would have his heart's desire. Till then he would wait and work.

The next two weeks went by very differently. Under the press of a new enthusiasm the book seemed to write itself. The last sheet had gone in to the publisher, and he had always worn a smile when he met the girl on the stairs. Her bow was still as freezing, but he only smiled again and hummed the few bars from "Elijah," "And he shall give thee thy heart's desire."

Again Hastings sat in the little church. Perhaps his choir boy would sing for him. But the figure of the small leader drooped. In the glare of the choir lights his face showed white and haggard, while his eyes were swollen from weeping. A wave of pity went over the watching man. It might now be his turn to comfort. The sweet soprano voice was low and broken.

Hastings determined to find the meaning of the change, so he lingered after the service, and a kind faced curate told him the sad little story.

"You mean Jack Haines? He has just lost his mother—consumption—and the poor little fellow is left all alone. He is being cared for by neighbors, but we must find him a place in some charity school."

That dull ache child in a charity school! Hastings could not bear the thought of it. The face of the child and his own loneliness helped him to come to a sudden resolution. His voice was very eager as he said, "Let me have him."

And so Jack came to live in the big studio building. Slowly the roses came back to his cheeks. He did not forget the pretty mother who had gone to sleep so quietly, but he haunted this new big brother like a shadow and crept into his arms to cry away the grief that time was trying to heal.

But it worried Hastings that the lad should be so solemn. When he came in and found the boy poring over some big book he would half hysterically scold him for turning into such a little bookworm. "You need some one to play with, Jack," he would say. "It is bad for you to be always cooped up with an old fellow like me." Tom was only thirty, but somehow he had felt very old and settled since that night.

But Jack always declared that he didn't want to be with any one else, and he was such a shy child that Hastings forbore to press the point.

He was therefore much surprised one afternoon on coming in to find the rooms empty. Where could Jack be? As the minutes went by, bringing no boy, he became really anxious. The janitor had not seen him. He was returning from fruitless inquiries when he stopped short at a burst of childish laughter. Could it be Jack? He never laughed like that. But, yes; it was his voice, and it came from the girl's rooms.

Hastings hesitated. And now the girl laughed. It was the same saucy little laugh he had loved so much in the days gone by. It decided him. She had stolen his property and should answer for the theft. He knocked boldly on the door.

Silence. He knocked again. Evidently they did not hear him. So he turned the knob and entered the forbidden chamber.

Surprising sight! On the floor in true Turkish style sat the stately Miss Trevor. On her lap were a big sheet of cardboard and sundry brushes and paints. Her hair was dishevele, and several daubs of color ornamented her cheeks and nose. Over her shoulder in a state of great excitement leaned the truant. Hastings hardly knew him. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were dancing as he cried, "Now, that is the way the little monkey swung off by his tail!" His cheek was pressed close to the girl's, and his arm rested lovingly on her shoulder. Evidently she had won his heart too.

Hastings felt a swift pang of jealousy and started forward.

Then they heard him, and Jack sprang up, with a cry of delight.

The girl was too loaded down to rise, and so she sat there. Perhaps it was the sudden flood of color to her cheeks; perhaps it was the upward glance of her eyes. At any rate, a sudden light came to Hastings. For a moment he stood there blinded, dazed. Then his customary coolness came to his aid. It was his turn to carry things with a high hand, and he must make the most of it.

His eyes challenged hers as he said: "How long have you been a receiver of stolen goods, Miss Trevor? I am glad to see that you have the grace to blush for your sins, even under your paint."

Jack was quite shocked. "She did not steal me," he protested. "I was lonely, and I was waiting for you in the hall, and she asked me to come in, and I came, and we've had a beautiful time," he added in a joyous outburst.

"That's just so bad," Hastings answered severely. "You mean to say that she enticed you in here."

Jack was speechless. The girl had said nothing.

"You might at least invite me to sit down since you are so comfortable," Hastings went on, "and let me join in the beautiful time, though I don't know, on second thought, that it isn't pleasanter standing. It is so unusual to see you at my feet."

Miss Trevor started to scramble up, but two strong hands lifted her gently into a big chair. It was a new experience to her to be set or commanded or helped. But she did not seem to mind it nor to notice that he was still holding her hands. Both had forgotten Jack as Hastings bent over her and asked, "Are you glad that I have come?"

Jack is delighted with it all, but he never will understand why Tom always calls the girl "Heart's Desire" when her name is Alice.

Easily Coaxed.

The new schoolteacher had a talk with Mrs. Hobart one day in regard to discipline. "I don't see how you manage Bobby as well as you do," said the teacher. "I like him, but he's such a mischievous little fellow, and he will not mind, yet every one says he minds you. I wish you'd explain it to me."

"Well," said Mrs. Hobart doubtfully, "I'd just as soon tell you, but I'm afraid it won't help you much. You see, I kind of coax him."

"Coax him!" echoed the teacher.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hobart, "that's what I do. I say to him, 'Now, comp, Bobby, wouldn't you rather be mother's good boy and have griddlecakes and sirup for supper and play games till 8 o'clock than have just plain bread and milk that's been through the separator and go to bed right after it, with the curtains drawn so you can't see the stars?'

"I can most always coax him that way.

"Once in awhile, if he's real set to be naughty, I'll say, 'See here, Bobby, which'd you rather have—mother fry you some doughnuts or cut a little willow switch, not so very little, either?'

"I can coax him that way sure if the other fails."—Youth's Companion.

Giving Her the Benefit.

The dressmaker looked at the bill which had been made out for the plain little frock and then threw up her hands in horror. "That will never do," she said emphatically. "Twenty for making and $3.13 for findings. How would that appear on paper, $23.13? Why, the lady would look upon the frock as headdoed and imagine that every time she wore it it would bring her bad luck. Here, let me have the list of findings." She figured rapidly and soon had the bill $24.37.

"There," she said contentedly, "that will satisfy her. And she will be still more pleased when I discount the change and accept an even $24."

"But," said the girl who had made out the bill, "isn't that somewhat of an overcharge?"

"Oh, well," answered the dressmaker, "an overcharge isn't nearly as bad as an unlucky number. Besides, I couldn't very well charge her less than the real amount, could I?"—New York Press.

Animals as Weather Prophets.

Before a rainstorm a cat nearly always washes its face. Why? Some claim that the atmosphere excites the electricity in the cat's fur, and to overcome the tingling sensation she sets to washing herself.

Or if there is no cat in the house you may possess a parrot. If the bird sits down and makes a sort of hissing noise, look out for rain in the night.

One need seldom fear getting wet in the country. Horses, cows, sheep, hogs, dogs—all evince certain peculiarities before a storm. Dogs bury bones; horses fidget and neigh; cows lie down; hogs grunt.

Some day you may walk into a field and see a flock of sheep in a corner, all with their backs turned to the northwest. If you wait long enough you will feel a wind blow up from that direction.—London Answers.

Space.

"Nobody realizes the immensity of space."

"Except the man who has to fill a daily half column with alleged humor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Flowers of the Arctic.

There are 752 kinds of flowers found in the arctic regions.

Marengo.

At the battle of Marengo the French army was virtually defeated, and while Bonaparte and his staff were considering their next move Dessaix suggested that there was yet time to retrieve the disaster. Napoleon rallied his men, renewed the battle and won a great victory over the Austrians, though the unfortunate Dessaix lost his own life on that field.

Mouth Breathing.

Breathing through the mouth causes excessive thirst.

HOMEMADE ICE CREAM.

Freeze It at Least a Day Before It Is to Be Used.

"The best ice cream is plain ice cream," said the ice cream manufacturer. "You never hear of colic from ice cream among children who have never met the homemade article. It is a queer thing that it would ruin a manufacturer to sell fresh goods, whereas if you know it is homemade and just out of the freezer you will praise it to the skies as being the superior of anything manufactured anywhere.

"If you want your homemade cream to be really good and healthy make it at least a day before you use it. Churn it hard, but not too hard and then pack it away in salted ice until you are ready to serve it. In this way all the little particles of ice which make homemade cream so gritty and really harmful will have disappeared. The cream will sort of absorb the water that forms the ice, so to speak; consequently your cream will be frozen, not trapped. It is a daring manufacturer who risks his trade by shipping cream less than a week old. Sometimes I store my goods in ice as much as two weeks. That isn't a bit too long, either, although it takes a heap of ice."—New York Press.

THE BIGGEST FERRYBOAT.

It Runs Across Lake Ontario and Carries Thirty Cars a Trip.

New Yorkers are prone to think that about every kind of craft that floats may be seen in the waters thereabout. They may be right as regards the pretentious carriers of passengers and freight, but when it comes to the humble ferryboat they are mistaken.

The municipal ferryboats which ply to Staten Island and South Brooklyn are probably the finest of their kind, but among the boats which carry whole railroad trains those in this harbor take a low rank. The Maryland and the Express of the New Haven railroad look mighty powerful as they pass under the Brooklyn bridge transporting the Federal or the Colonial express between Jersey City and Mott Haven, but they are surpassed by railroad ferries in other parts of the country.

The biggest ferryboat for railroad trains is now in operation on Lake Ontario, between Charlotte, N. Y., the port of Rochester and Cobourg, Ont., sixty-two miles away. Boats of the ordinary ferry type could not make the passage of Lake Ontario safely except in fair weather.

The boat which makes this trip, the Ontario No. 1, looks more like an ocean steamship than a ferryboat. It is 317 feet long. It differs from the ordinary steamship in appearance only at the stern, which looks as if a huge blue had been taken out of it.

If you view this boat from the stern the purpose of its building is apparent. The entire space of the main deck is a runway for cars. There are four tracks on which trains are run from the yards by means of an adjustable apron. It carries thirty loaded cars. There is also room on the upper deck for 1,000 passengers.

The Ontario No. 1 is used chiefly to transport carloads of coal from the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railway to the Grand Trunk railway. A saving of nearly 100 miles of haul is effected and the congestion of traffic on the Niagara-Toronto lines is relieved.

The trip of sixty-two miles is made in about four hours. It is the only boat operating in the great lakes continuously throughout the year. It started running in November, 1907, and hasn't missed a trip yet.—Washington Post.

Some Strange Letters.

The division of dead letters is one of the show places of the national capital and is visited annually by thousands of sightseers. There is much that appeals to human interest and emotion in the immense stacks of letters and parcels received at the rate of 40,000 a day and containing articles of every description, some of them bearing addresses which cannot be deciphered even by the experts. In the 13,000,000 pieces of mail matter received by the division last year there were 6,000 books, 1,000 pair of eyeglasses, 900 fountain pens, 800 razors, false teeth, marriage certificates, rings, shoes, snakes—in fact, everything from valuable diamonds to penny souvenirs. There was also more than $65,000 in actual money and commercial paper, including checks, drafts, money orders, etc., representing a face value of $2,203,602.—Assistant Postmaster General P. V. De Graw in National Magazine.

The Fly and the Rat.

Now you must hunt the sprightly fly,
No matter where he's at,
And run him down and crack his crown
And mash him good and flat.
And when there are no buzzers left
For you to biff and spat
You'll have to chase at merry pace
The fierce and rabid rat.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deadly.

Winnie Wink—It is no use of talking. Our hats take the masculine eye this summer.

Billie Bink — Er—yes. Take both eyes if a chap doesn't dodge quickly.—Detroit Free Press.

Hands Around.

Life is just a gamble;
Life's a game of chance.
Money plays the fiddle,
And the poor man has to dance.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Squelched.

Mr. Lemmin—Your family tree, Miss May—ha, ha—must be a peach.

Miss Keene—Maybe. Yours is sure a chestnut.—Cleveland Leader.

Not Good Enough.

Mary had a little calf,
And it was white as snow,
But Mary, on account of it,
A bathing wouldn't go.
—New York Press.

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